

THE FAVORITE

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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

XXIX.—Continued.

The letter of Juan Mondego was written in Spanish, but Oliver understood that language perfectly.

He therefore translated it literally and rapidly :

“Lisbon, 5th March,
1771

“Sir and Honored
Patron,

“I write to you under the weight of the most painful emotions. Having learned, several weeks ago, that some fishermen of the little town of Portomouro, in Galicia, had discovered on the beach, not far from Cape St. Adrian, numerous waifs, washed in by the tide, and that among these waifs was the headpiece of a large vessel, on which were written in letters of gold, these words :

THE MARSOUIN—
HAVRE;

“Having learned this, I say, and knowing that this vessel belonged to you, I did not hesitate to go thither in person in order to put myself in full possession of the facts.

“My first information was unfortunately too true. The ‘Marsouin,’ driven by one of the most violent storms which have visited us in many years, was dashed on the rocks, near the Cape St. Adrian. Passengers and crew must have perished, as, after the most careful inquiry along the whole coast, I have heard of none being saved. Besides, the waves have cast some sixteen bodies on the beach, among which was that of a female. I had these corpses buried in consecrated ground.”

After reading the letter, which Philip Le Vaillant had listened to standing and motionless, Oliver raised his eyes on his father and drew back in terror.

The face of the old man was purple; the veins of his neck and temples were swollen; a congestion of the brain appeared imminent.

“Father! father!” exclaimed the youth, rising to support the tottering shipowner.

Philip slipped down into the arm-chair, from which he had risen only a few moments before.

“Ah!” he feebly muttered, “my uneasiness was not vain. My worst presentiments have been realized! They are dead—they are dead. I will never see you again in this world, my sole friend, my brother. I will never know your dear and unhappy child, whom I also had hoped to call my daughter.”

Kneeling beside his father, Oliver wept also, but his tears were less bitter. He mourned over the fate of Annunziata.

At length the shipowner said in a hoarse voice :

“My son, give me that letter. I want to read it again.”

The letter of Juan Mondego lay on the velvet carpet alongside of one which Philip had opened, but had not read.

Oliver, whose eyes were dimmed with tears, took up the letter by mistake and presented it to his father.

The shipowner held it in his hands for several minutes, then made an attempt to read it. But



“BUT IT IS CHARMING. ONLY IT MAKES ME PRETTIER THAN I AM.”

scarcely had he glanced at the first words than his face betrayed profound surprise and he hurriedly ran his eye to the signature.

He sent forth a loud cry, sprang from his chair and threw his arms around the neck of Oliver.

“See, my son, see,” he exclaimed holding out the paper.

Oliver looked on the writing and was stupefied on beholding the name of Annunziata.

“Annunziata,” he said; “Annunziata alive!”

“Yes, alive!” repeated Philip, “saved by a miracle, no doubt.”

“Alive!” murmured Oliver interiorly. “Well, it is the will of God. My fate is inflexible.”

“Listen,” continued the old man; “I will read you this blessed letter.”

And standing upright before his son, who, in his turn, seemed overwhelmed and had sunk into the arm-chair, he read :

“Saint-Nazaire.”

Oliver trembled.

“Saint-Nazaire,” he muttered in broken accents, “she is at Saint-Nazaire!”

“The letter is dated from that place. But why this surprise?”

“Continue, father, if you please.”

The shipowner went on :

“He whom you cherished as a brother, who loved you in return from his whole heart and who confided me to you—my father is dead. He sends you his orphan daughter.”

“Poor José, poor brother,” murmured the old man, as he wiped the moisture from his eyes. “Your daughter is not an orphan. I shall be her father.”

He then continued reading :

“Three days after closing the eyes of my poor father, I left Havana on the vessel which you had the generosity to send us. My sole heritage was the admirable letter written by you to my

dying father. A terrible storm broke up our ship. I alone survived among all on board. God saved me by a miracle.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the old man. “I knew it. A miracle. May heaven be blessed.”

He continued :

“After two dreadful nights, two nights of solitude and terror, a small French vessel picked me off a point of rock where the storm had cast me and where I awaited a certain death.”

“This vessel was going to Nantes. It landed me in a Breton hamlet, called Saint-Nazaire, whence I write these lines. I should have written sooner, and still the delay is not my fault, as you will see. The day I landed, I fell ill, broken with fatigue, privation and suffering. God saved my life by another miracle and for the accomplishment of that miracle, he made use of an Angel’s hand. That angel is young girl. I send you her name that you may bless her with me. She is called Dinorah.”

At these words, Oliver gave a start and became very pale.

The old man who had not noticed the movement, said :

“Dinorah, my son, be sure you never forget that name.”

“No, father, I will never forget it,” replied the youth with energy.

Philip continued reading the letter which concluded with the intelligence that Annunziata would soon set out from Saint-Nazaire to join the old friend of her father.

XXX.

FROM LISBON TO SAINT-NAZAIRE.—Continued.

“Sublime child!” exclaimed the old man. “She has the heart and soul of her father. Oh! how happy you will be, Oliver!”

The youth kept silence and bowed his head. Was it through excess of happiness?

The bells of the churches and numerous convents of Havre pealed the evening angelus.

Philip Le Vaillant uncovered his brow.

“Oliver,” said he, “let us pray the Lord to grant joy and rest to the soul of Don José Rovero, my old friend, and let us thank him for having saved Annunziata from the perils of the sea.”

“Yes, father,” said Oliver.

“And at the same time, let us ask his benediction on Dinorah.”

“Yes, father,” replied Oliver again, and in a low voice, he added :

“How I suffer! O, Dinorah!”

It has already been hinted that, when the “Marsouin” left Havre for Havana, Oliver Le Vaillant was not present. He was then visiting Brittany. It was during this tour that he came to the port of Saint-Nazaire. He there put up at a tavern called the Breton Arms. From this point he sallied forth every day to make sketches of the surrounding scenery. He there filled an album with delicious bits. Jetty, village church, mouth of the Loire, and several wooded nooks were all included. One day a revelation presented itself to the young draughtsman. He came on a little house, beautifully embowered in trees. Something attracted him to the spot and he proceeded to sketch it. He had almost finished and was about to lay aside his paper, when casting his eye towards the cottage, he saw the adorable head of young girl detaching itself from the clear-obscuré of the casement, and a second form, also feminine, appeared between two trees in the orchard.

“Am I dreaming?” said Oliver, dropping his pencil to the ground.

XXXI.

NORAH.

He was not dreaming. The double apparition was real.

The young girl at the window was barely eighteen. Her oval face was exquisitely pale and encircled in a frame of heavily curled blond hair. The pupils of her large eyes beamed with azure. Her little mouth was incarnadine, like a ripe cherry.

The other female made a striking contrast to the first.

She was twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, tall and robust, very handsome and dressed in the bright costume of the peasant girls in those parts. In her left hand, she held a little basket of eggs, and in her right hand, a pail of foaming new milk.

She was surprised at first to see a stranger within the enclosure, but she soon gathered courage and advanced towards Oliver. She then stretched out her neck over his shoulder, inspected the drawing, turned towards the cottage, and placing her hands on her hips, exclaimed :

“Ah Miss Norah, do you know—a gentleman

making a picture of our house—come this way and see it."

Then to Oliver,

"That is a pretty faithful picture."

"Do you think so, Miss?" said Oliver, with a smile.

"Yes, indeed. There is the house and the door—the three windows, the roof, the chimney and all—the rosebushes, and the poultry. But say, sir, why didn't you draw Miss Norah also, since she is looking at you?"

"I had not the time," replied Oliver, "but if the young lady will remain at the window for a few minutes longer, I will sketch her outlines."

The girl called out to her mistress to stand still a moment.

The latter consented with a winning smile. The sketch was soon drawn and then Jocelyne—that was the name of the peasant girl—asked to be drawn also, with her basket of eggs and pail of foaming milk.

In the meantime Norah had left her station at the window and came down to inspect the drawing of the young stranger. She was delighted with it, and he was more and more delighted with her.

"Miss," said he, "this little sketch does not displease you then?"

"I have already said that I regard it as very beautiful."

"Then it depends on you, Miss, to give it a real value."

"How so, sir?"

"By allowing me to offer it to you."

The girl blushed deeply.

"I entreat you, Miss, not to refuse it."

"But sir, I fear I cannot....."

"Why not?"

She kept silence.

Oliver reflected a moment.

"Of course, I am unknown to you," he said, "and you hesitate to accept anything from a stranger. In that case I will modify my offer. Take this sketch, not as a gift, but as an exchange."

"An exchange?" repeated the girl, with a smile.

"Yes; for my drawing, give me three things."

"Three things!"

"A bouquet of your roses, a cup of milk and the permission to return to-morrow to renew my sketch."

The young girl held her peace for a few minutes. Then she turned her great blue eyes fall on Oliver and replied:

"I accept."

Oliver returned hearty thanks.

"But sir," continued the girl, "we have detained you very long. Answer my question frankly. Have you breakfasted?"

"O, Miss,"

"Have you breakfasted?"

"Well, honestly—I have not."

"Then you will breakfast with me."

"Really, Miss, I dare not accept."

"If you refuse, our bargain is broken."

"I am resigned in that case," said Oliver gaily.

"Very well. Come into the house. Jocelyn will set the table in a moment."

And they all moved towards the cottage.

As in all Breton farm-houses, the principal apartment comprised the kitchen and hall and over the chimney-piece the pots and pans were set.

Three objects were worthy of attention in this room.

In the first place a large portrait suspended from the wainscot in a splendid frame, from which the gilt was fading. This portrait represented the handsome features of a sea captain, wearing the order of the King, auburn-haired, blue-eyed, with left arm in sling.

In the upper left angle of the canvas, there was a shield surmounted by a knight's helmet and banneret; on a field gules, three bezants argent.

The second object was a magnificent clock of the Louis XIV style.

In the third place, there was an immense arm-chair of carved oak, near the chimney corner. On the back was a medallion bearing the same arms as the portrait.

Oliver observed these things at a glance, and was puzzled by them.

They sat down to a table charged with milk, bread, and fruit. While waiting for Jocelyn to prepare the omelette in the great fire-place, Oliver said to his hostess:

"Allow me, miss, to put you a question?"

"As many as you like, sir."

"Miss Jocelyne calls you Norah. Is that your name? I find it so singular."

"Not exactly my name. Jocelyn is fond of abbreviations and I let her do. My real name is Dinorah."

"Dinora!" repeated Oliver.

"The name is rather odd, is it not?"

"Odd, perhaps, but charming. It reminds one of ancient Brittany, of Teutates, and the druidesses."

"Do you think the sacred mistletoe would become my blond hair?" said Dinorah, laughing, and without waiting for answer, called for his cup to pour him some milk.

The repast went on. Jocelyn's omelette was superb and Oliver enjoyed it. The eggs were succeeded by fruit. They too were perfect.

"I gathered them myself," said Dinorah.

The repast was ended. They retired from the table.

"I am exacting, miss," said Oliver, "but I now demand my roses."

"You shall have them," replied the young girl.

And in a few moments she returned from the garden laden with beautiful flowers.

"Do I owe you anything else now?"

"Yes, Miss, you do."

"What is it?"

"Leave to return to-morrow."

"It is granted."

They conversed a little longer, and then Oliver took his leave.

As he made his way to the inn, he inhaled the perfume of the flowers and repeated a thousand times the sweet name of Dinorah.

XXXII.

LOVE.

The tavern-keeper was standing at his door when Oliver returned. As he drew his portly form aside to allow his guest to pass, he asked:

"Will you have your breakfast now, sir?"

"No mine host," replied the young man.

"Are you doing penance to-day? Yet it is neither Ember Day nor vigil, so there is no need for either fasting or abstinence."

"I am not by any means doing penance," returned Oliver smiling, "but being very hungry I broke my fast on bread and milk at a small farm a couple of leagues from here."

"No nourishment in it, sir. It does not support the stomach."

"Certainly not, but it fills it sufficiently well."

"Hm! So so. Upon that you should take something comfortable. Say a bottle of Canary, I have some that is excellent—imported direct. It has been ten years in my cellar."

"Well, you may bring me up a bottle on condition that you will keep me company."

"With great pleasure, sir! with the greatest pleasure! I know only too well what is due to my guests"—"and my cellar," he added to himself.

In a few minutes Oliver and his host were sitting opposite each other, with a flask of golden wine and a couple of tulip-shaped glasses between them.

"What do you think of it?" asked the tavern keeper as he turned the first mouthful over on his tongue.

"Delicious!"

"Yes, I would venture to say that the intendant of the province himself has not better on his table." And a self-satisfied smile illuminated the worthy man's jolly countenance.

"My good host," asked Oliver after a brief silence, "you ought to know the neighborhood. Can you tell me who lives in that pretty cottage surrounded by great trees, which stands at the head of a blind alley about a quarter of a league from St. Nazaire?" Passing by the house I caught a glimpse of a pale golden-haired girl who seemed anything but a farmer's daughter."

"Miss Norah," said the inn-keeper. "The house and garden belong to her."

"And who may Miss Norah be?"

"She belongs to a good family and is the last descendant of a long race. Her name is Miss Dinorah de Kerven," said Boniface respectfully. "These de Kervens were true gentlemen, brave sailors, and noblemen who held their own in the province. At one time they were the proprietors of a fine estate which bore their name, but which no longer exists. What would you have? some families are unfortunate. This is such a one. While others were growing richer it became poorer, and it is not difficult to understand how. These Kervens passed their lives in the service of the country without ever asking for reward, just in the opposite system to those who get so well paid for services they never render."

"Then Miss Dinorah's father is poor?"

"He is dead. The mother died first. The young lady is an orphan. She was four years old when she lost her father, who was a sea-captain and decorated. Her education was given her at a convent, and she returned here three years ago. She now lives alone with her servant Jocelyn (a good girl) in the cottage you remarked. It is a little bit of property that brings her on an average eight or nine thousand livres a year. It is all she has."

"But that is absolute misery!"

"No, my good sir, not at all. And the proof is that Miss Norah, poor as she is, finds means to do more good than most rich people. She is the providence of all who are unhappy. She is satisfied with almost nothing and gives the rest away. She visits the sick, gives them medicine and watches by them. For three leagues around she is known, respected and loved. People call her the good angel."

Oliver was much affected by his host's story.

"She is happy then, this kind-hearted and beautiful girl?"

"Happy, sir? Yes, I think so at present at least. But will it last long? I am afraid not."

"What do you mean?"

"Mere common sense, sir, as you will see if you follow me. In this world a daughter of the nobility has only two chances: marriage or the convent. Is it not so?"

"Quite true."

"Miss Dinorah de Kerven, it is evident, has not the slightest vocation for convent life and the veil. She is too pious, too charitable and too good to be shut up behind the cloister grating, like a prisoner in his cell, praying selfishly from morning to night, without getting any good from it. She would die of consumption and ennui, I know full well, if she were suddenly deprived of the rays of the sun, the sea-breeze, and the perfumes of her roses. After what I have told you of her character and habits, you agree with me?"

"I do, I confess."

"So there is an end to the convent. Miss Norah would not go into it; and if she did the poor of the country would take her out by force. Marriage is then the only alternative."

"Certainly."

"That is where I was waiting for you. At present she is a mere child and hardly thinks of marriage. But later on, in one two or three years, she will begin to think of it. It can hardly be otherwise, for God created women to marry and rear children. Well, when that time comes what will happen?"

"Miss de Kerven will marry."

"No, sir, she will not marry."

"And why not?"

"Because she can't marry the first man that turns up. With the name she bears she must become the wife of a gentleman or a very rich man or else remain single. Unfortunately neither the gentleman nor the rich man will understand that Miss Norah's beauty, goodness and virtue are a more precious dowry than all the money in the world. Do you still agree with me?"

"No."

"Ha! and why not?"

"Because I am firmly convinced that there are still noble and rich people on this earth who possess heart and understanding enough to comprehend the true value of the treasures of which you speak."

"Where are they to be found, these people?"

"That I cannot say, but there are much people."

"Well, sir, when you have shown them to me, I shall say you are right, but not before. I have not always kept the arms of Brittany on the market square at St. Nazaire. I have been a sailor and traveled. I have seen many countries, and I declare to you on the word of an honest Breton that I never came across anything but selfishness and love of money—and I am an old man whose hair is gray, not to say white."

"I am young," cried Oliver, "and I am more fortunate than you. I have witnessed cases of unlimited devotion and absolute disinterestedness." The young man was thinking of his father and Don José Rovero.

The tavern-keeper made a low bow.

"Devotion and disinterestedness, two rare birds indeed! two white blackbirds! However I am willing to believe you, and I grant that there are some sensible people under the sun who could make their life happy by marrying Miss de Kerven. But what then?"

"One of these sensible persons will fall in love with her, will win her love, marry her and be perfectly happy."

"Happy! By St. Malo, I should think so! Or rather he would be; for unhappily you forget one thing. How is this noble and rich person of yours, who is generous enough to prefer happiness to a few bags of money, going to fall in love with Miss de Kerven?"

"That is a strange question you are asking me. Of course he would fall in love with her at first sight."

"Maybe. But where is he to see her. Miss Norah never leaves the house, she never shows herself and sees no one. You must confess that it would have to be by the merest accident that the person in question should just follow the path that leads to the farm, see the young lady, fall in love with her and then marry her."

"And yet, though I had no business over there, I happened to pass and saw the young lady."

"So be it; but what does that prove? You saw Miss Norah but you didn't fall in love with her, and you are not going to marry her—"

Just at this interesting juncture the tavern-keeper was called down-stairs to keep in order some half-dozen drunken sailors who were tippling and quarreling in the bar below.

The following day Oliver was on foot before the sun's rays had broken over the horizon. As it was too early for him to make his appearance at the farm, he spent some time in wandering about, instinctively choosing the higher ground from whence he could obtain a glimpse of the trees that embowered Miss Dinorah's cottage.

Towards eight o'clock he began to persuade himself that as one of the objects of his visit was to recommend the sketch of the house, there was nothing to prevent him beginning his work without intruding on the fair mistress.

This idea firmly fixed in his mind he started at a round pace for the farm.

On opening the garden gate Dinorah stood before him, in the same dress as she had worn the day before, surrounded by her poultry to which she was throwing handfuls of grain from a little bag that hung on her left arm.

"Good-morning!" she cried gaily to Oliver. "You see I am in the midst of my feathered family. But you must come and see how pretty your drawing looks in its old carved wood frame. The other is quite ready for the bell-tower of St. Nazaire, since you insist upon filling my poor house with master-pieces. Let me finish feeding my chickens and we will go in."

The feeding operation concluded. Dinorah led the way into a little salon on the ground floor.

Oliver was enthusiastic in his admiration of the charming seventeenth century frame, and then spread out the table the sketch he had brought with him. Dinorah clapped her hands, and Jocelyn, who had followed them in, vowed that she had never seen a bell-tower look so much like itself.

"Say then, sir," she asked, "could you draw a body's portrait on paper, as big as natural? It must be pretty hard."

"I dare say I could manage to do it," replied Oliver good-humoredly, "But why do you ask, Miss Jocelyn?"

"Because if you were good enough to draw my likeness I would send it to my old grandmother. She'd go foolish with joy, the old woman."

morning and evening to watch over Don José Rovero and yourself, and to protect him as I would have Him protect you?"

"Well, Oliver, your childish prayers have not been answered."

"What has happened to Don José? If we can help him in any way we must do it, father! We will do for him what he has done for us! We will save him!"

Philip Le Vaillant pressed his son's hand.

"Don José has written to me. Here is his letter." And the old man read aloud the touching pages that we saw penned in Don José's study at Havana. More than once during the perusal Oliver had to wipe his eyes.

"Father," he asked when the letter was concluded, "what was your answer?"

"This." And as he had read his friend's letter Philip Le Vaillant read out his own reply. It terminated, it will be remembered, as follows:

"My friend, my brother, I ask for my son Oliver the hand of your daughter Annunziata in marriage."

These words fell upon the young man like a thunder-bolt. He was compelled to clutch a chair to keep himself from falling. His father remarked his agitation, but attributed it to the surprise that a young man would naturally feel on learning unexpectedly that he was betrothed, and that without a possible chance of withdrawing; for no man of honor can break, without shame, hardly without crime, an engagement made in so solemn a manner, before a dying father and an orphan. He asked, however, noticing that his son's emotion increased rather than diminished:

"Have I acted right, my boy, in disposing of you in this manner? Have I done my duty?"

"You have done your duty," replied Oliver; "and you have acted right."

Here then was the secret of the young man's habitual melancholy and of his evasive answers when questioned as to his sad demeanor.

XXXIII.

DEAD AND YET ALIVE.

From the day on which he received the letter dated St. Nazaire and bearing the signature of Annunziata, Philip Le Vaillant was in a state of continual unrest. This letter announced the young girl's early departure in a vessel sailing from Croisic with a cargo of salt for Havre.

The old merchant would not for anything in the world have allowed the orphan to whom he had sworn to take the place of father to be landed at Havre, like an abandoned child, with no one to meet her. He had therefore taken measures to be informed in time of the appearance of the vessel he expected. During the day he paced the harbor in anxious expectation, and at night his place was taken by a couple of servants.

On the ninth day after the receipt of Annunziata's letter, early in the morning, Zephyr burst panting into his master's room, where Philip Le Vaillant was at his toilet, and announced the arrival of the expected vessel with a young lady on board.

"It was impossible to make out her signal until she entered the harbor," he exclaimed, "so if it is really Miss Annunziata she will be here immediately, though I ran as fast as my legs would carry me to bring you the news."

The man's words received immediate confirmation. A carriage was heard to enter the courtyard and stop at the front door.

"It is she! it is she!" cried the merchant rushing from the room and hurrying down the stairs with all the eagerness of a young man of twenty. He reached the hall just in time to receive in his arms a young lady, very beautiful, very pale, and dressed in deep mourning.

"Annunziata!" he cried, almost sobbing with emotion, "my child! my daughter!"

The girl returned the old man's embrace, and throwing back the long veil that covered her tear stained countenance, knelt before him and with touching simplicity besought his pity and affection.

"My father, give your blessing to the orphan who seeks a refuge in your house and who beseeches you to love her for the sake of her dead father."

"Annunziata, my daughter," he replied, "before God and your father who looks down on us I swear that you are no longer an orphan. I have two children now." And Philip Le Vaillant raised his friend's child from the ground and pressed her to his heart.

The simple attractive young orphan who had so speedily found her way to the old merchant's heart was Carmen!

How and where had the quondam dancing-girl, the widow of the Chevalier de Najac, conceived the infamous project she had just succeeded in carrying out?

During the voyage on the vessel which had picked her up off Cape St. Adrian and was taking her to St. Nazaire, Carmen had had time to reflect fully on her forlorn condition.

What was to become of her? Her brother, (a weak and miserable support indeed, but a support nevertheless) was no more. Annunziata, whose love and confidence she had won, and who would certainly have helped her, was dead. It would be useless to seek her husband's family, for she had lost in the confusion of the shipwreck the certificate of her marriage, and it was anything but advisable to cause an enquiry into the matter to be made in Havana. She had never felt so completely alone, so utterly desolate. Whichever way she turned she could find no means of escape. Yes, there was one. Why should she not go to

Philip Le Vaillant at Havre and say to him: "I was the companion and friend of Don José Rovero's daughter, who at the last moment of her life placed in my charge for you this casket which contains Don José's letter and your own. I am without a home or a protector; do not forsake me!"

There could be no manner of doubt that the rich merchant would comply with her request. But however much he might do for her it would be mere charity; however generously he might behave towards her position would be nothing to that of which she had dreamed and for which she had plotted.

"No!" she said to herself. "My pride revolts from an obligation. I will never go and stretch out my hand for charity. My life is crushed, my future dead. Better would it have been for me to have perished with Annunziata. But my fate was against it. Poor Carmen, who does not know how she is to live, is living; and the millionaire's bride lies in a watery grave. I wish," she added bitterly, "that I could exchange places with her."

She started as if struck by a shot, and sunk into deep thought.

"Why not?" she cried, her face lighting up and a triumphant blaze kindling in her eyes.

"It is a daring scheme, certainly; dangerous perhaps! But what matter? Every soul on the 'Marsouin' but me has perished. I am acquainted with the smallest details of Annunziata's story and of her father's career and death. No one in France knows me, nor does anyone know Don José's daughter. Who could betray me? Who could give me the lie? I was wrong to bewail my fate. It has long treated me badly but now that it puts such a chance within my reach it would be a sin not to avail myself of it. So, the die is cast! Carmen is dead, long life to Annunziata!"

The reader has already witnessed the successful carrying out of the Gitana's determination.

The good merchant was on thorns. Where could Oliver be all this time.

After having been thrice summoned the young man finally made his appearance. Notwithstanding all his efforts to control his emotion his face wore a look of sadness and embarrassment.

"This is Oliver, my son," said Le Vaillant quickly.

And in a lower time he added so as to be heard by Carmen only: "Your betrothed."

The girl advanced to where Oliver was standing, and taking his hands with a timid confidence, murmured in a supplicating tone:

"Oh, sir!—oh, my brother!—say that I am welcome under your roof! Say that you will love me a little! I have suffered so much! I need so much some one to love me!"

"Kiss her!" cried the merchant. "Kiss her, my boy, if she will allow you."

Oliver could not refuse. He touched his lips to Carmen's cheek, and the girl blushed at the cool salute like the most timid and modest of maidens.

"What can I tell you," said the young man constrainedly, "more than you already know? Does not the house of Philip Le Vaillant and of his son belong to Don José Rovero's daughter. I agree with all that my father has said. He has spoken for both of us. You are no longer an orphan. Our family is yours."

"Thank you, brother," replied Carmen.

As though obeying to an irresistible impulse she once more seized Oliver's hand and pressed it to her lips. At this unexpected contact the young man trembled and for the first time raised his eyes to the Gitana.

Carmen was dazzlingly beautiful. Her cheeks were still tinged with crimson, her eyes swam in tears, and her hair which had become unfastened streamed in rich luxuriance down her neck.

As his eye rested on her Oliver's thoughts flew to Dinorah.

"Dinorah," he said to himself, "I will always love you."

Once more he glanced at Carmen and murmured:

"She is too beautiful. She frightens me!"

(To be continued.)

AUTHENTICATING A GHOST.

"Do I believe in dreams and ghosts?" That is no way to put it. Do I believe in dreams? Yes! In ghosts! Listen to me!"

As long ago as 1859 I was County Surveyor of Hooppole County, State of Arkansas. My brother-in-law, Jack Henley, enjoyed the official title and drew the salary; but I used to go along with him on duty to carry the chain and set the stakes. I preferred this part of the business because I could never make the compass work properly; it would always point north for me; and sometimes I wanted to go in other directions. How Jack managed it I never could understand. Jack, by the way, was the most intolerably ugly mortal I ever beheld—except his sister Margaret my wife, now in heaven, poor thing! There is no sense in such ugliness as Jack's.

One evening Jack came over to my cabin, and we had a little game—played with the full pack. My wife—since dead—retired early, leaving us with the bottle and cigars to have it out. I soon had it out—out of Jack's pocket, every cent of it! And we were both "in a condition." About eleven o'clock we shook hands a few dozen times, and Jack started for home—re-

turning at variable intervals to shake hands. He lived about a mile away, down the Bulburg road—first house of the left. When he was unmistakably gone I collected such of my faculties as I could lay my mind on, put the room in order, and went to bed. I had no sooner shut my eyes than I dreamed Jack was dead. I saw him, as plainly as possible, stagger down the road till he had passed the little bridge over Possum Creek; then the moon coming out suddenly he fell down and died of pure ugliness. I dreamed and redreamed this so many times that it began to worry me; so I got out of bed, dressed, and left the house.

It was a misty kind of night, but there was a moon somewhere behind the fog, and I could see things close at hand with tolerable distinctness. I had gone about a quarter of a mile towards the spot where my dream had "located" Jack's body, when I met him coming my way. He was walking very steadily now, and had the oddest look! It was as if his eyes had nothing behind them—you know how I mean.

"Halloo, Jack!" I exclaimed in profound surprise; "I swear, old man, I dreamed you were dead, and believed it."

"I am," was the reply in a tone of unutterable hollowness that seemed to come from anywhere but his lips; and at the sound of it a chill wind circulated as freely through my hair as if I'd no hat on.

Never having met many dead men I did not quite know what was etiquette, but I have always thought the best thing to do when you don't know what to do is to shake hands; so I proffered my palm.

Jack merely stared at me, as if he did not see anything there, and said in the same unearthly tone:

"I can't do it, Bill, it's contrary to the constitution an' by-laws. I should forfeit my leave."

"But, Jack," persisted I, "can't you take any chances for friendship's sake?"

"We never shakes hands," said he; "an' that's enough."

Now I knew exactly how to manage Jack. Before going to bed I had put the black bottle, some cigars, and the cards in the pocket of my coat; and that coat I had on. I pulled out the bottle and held it out.

"Drink!"

Then for the first time this solemn ghost smiled a sweet, sad smile.

I had learned to distinguish Jack's sweet, sad smile from his scowls of wrath, though most people couldn't. Taking the bottle, he drank deeply, and, after carefully returning the cork to its place, put the whole thing under his arm. All this time I could see right through him at any point; and the expression of his face depending largely upon the color and configuration of whatever object happened to be behind it, whenever he moved his head there was a deceitful appearance of a play of emotion upon his features. Once when he got his face between me and a knot-hole in a tree I thought he was going to eat me—so I hastily offered a cigar.

"Smoke!"

"Thanks! Got a light?"

Striking a match on the sole of my boot I gave it him, and he gravely ignited the weed, blowing great banks of smoke. I next produced the cards, asking if we should have a game—"just for pastime," I added, knowing he had no money.

He nodded silently, sat down by the roadside, and spread out his legs like a pair of dividers until they subtended an angle of sixty degrees. I took position between them and we were soon absorbed in the rational delight of "seven-up." Sometimes I won, sometimes he did; but what ever was the result of the game he always ended it by a pull at the bottle, never offering it to me. I thought this mean of Jack, but when I mentioned it he merely remarked, "We never offers anything," and continued his play. But I began to plan vengeance.

Presently Jack began to feel it working in his spectral head. Sometimes he would play as low as the four-spot and claim "high." Once he stood his hand on a queen and seven; and finally saying something severe about "fellers as would take advantage of a poor ghost," he dropped the cards from his visionary fingers, lopped over upon his unsubstantial back, and emitted a sepulchral snore. I sat still a moment and thought to the following effect:

"This is a mean ghost. It would be rather fine to teach a wholesome lesson to the supernatural. Besides, it is no small distinction to have played seven-up with a resident of another and a warmer world; and some slight evidence of the fact would be acceptable."

I arose and went home. I remembered that standing at the head of my bed were my surveying pins and the mallet with which I drove them in where the ground was stony or frozen. These pins were of iron, about eighteen inches long and pointed at one end. Opening the door I entered quietly so as not to arouse Margaret—since deceased—and selecting a clean, sharp pin returned with it and my mallet to the spot. Jack was sleeping in exactly the same position as at first—the cards scattered about him like autumn leaves, the bottle vacuous and overthrown at his side. I passed my foot through him two or three times to make sure he would not wake, then knelt at his side. His transparent head was lying on a clean, even surface of yellow clay, and I could not help remarking his wonderful resemblance to his sister—now no more. I suspended the point of the iron pin above the centre of his chest, holding it with my left hand, and lifting high the mallet in my right with one powerful blow I smote home the

spike! There was a sudden struggle, a long sharp scream, and I awoke. There at my knees lay the late Margaret, with the iron transfixing her vitals—pegged rigidly to the bed like a black beetle impaled upon cardboard of an entomologist.

I had seen no ghost—I had not been out of the room. Thank heaven, it was but a dream!

FILOBON,

AND THE LITTLE MARIE.

MONSIEUR TROMBONE was a fine picturesque old soldier. He had lost a leg in the service of his country, and acquired a strategic ability worthy of the great general under whom he had fought. That general was Turenne, as every one went at some time of the day to the Soleil d'Or, and never without hearing Monsieur Trombone parade that one memorable fact of his existence. He was a man of great imaginative and inventive powers; but though vain he disguised his poetical accomplishments under the sober garb of reality, and in recounting his adventures mingled facts with his fictions so judiciously as to arouse the suspicion that he was not altogether a liar. Apart from his intellectual occupation, he was nominally a clock-maker; really he did nothing but talk and drink. In the winter he sat in the chimney of the Soleil d'Or, and looked after the fire; in the summer he sat in the porch of the Soleil d'Or, and looked after the honeysuckle; at the same time, in both seasons he looked after himself.

Madame Trombone, in conformity with that great law of nature which mercifully provides that nothing perfectly useless shall live upon this earth, died when Trombone returned from the wars with his wooden leg and his pension. In his absence she had sustained his reputation—for she was as volatile and inventive as he—and with the assistance of an apprentice made a very snug and reliable business. So far she was useful, and lived. When Trombone returned he could sustain his own reputation, and the business required no more making; then Madame Trombone was perfectly useless. Moreover, she was ugly. So she died—poor thing!—and her widower devoutly thanked his saint and Providence for the mercies that are inscrutable.

It was a marvel to the few ignorants of Trombone's strategical attainments how he, sitting all day in the Soleil d'Or, could manage his business on the other side of the Place. But he did manage it, and in this wise. First, however, suffer me to parenthesise that parental prerogative—a faint semblance and simulacrum of which still lingers in France—which obtained to a very great degree a century and a half ago. Then in that paradise there was marriage and giving in marriage, and also, it is necessary to add there was selling in marriage. A father's care was less engaged as to what he should make of his daughters than as to what he might make by them. Trombone contrived to make a very pretty two sous by his child.

It has been said that Madame Trombone made a business with the assistance of an apprentice. Now Pepin, the apprentice, in the earlier part of his time, was simply engaged in selling the cheap jewellery forming Madame's stock-in-trade, whilst the good woman did the household duties or sounded her husband's clarion in the ears of her friend. For the sake of variety she sometimes sat in the shop with her knitting, and set Pepin to make the beds and boil the soup. At this time he was fifteen, bright and ingenuous. It was with the view of exercising his ingenuity that he elected to be a jeweller's apprentice; little scope did he find in Madame's establishment. Still, there were tools and appliances for repairing, and the like, exhibited in the window as a bait, and with these the lad amused himself in leisure moments.

One day a glorious funkey made his appearance in the shop; he was come from the chateau of Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouille-gonfie to bid Madame Trombone send a workman up to the chateau instantly. Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouille-gonfie's clock was suffering from an internal disarrangement. Pepin was despatched on a forlorn hope. He had seen but one clock before in his lifetime. The lame clock was put before him. He declared he could do nothing without his tools, and took the wondrous piece of mechanism home with him. He studied it for a whole day, and lay awake thinking about it in the whole night. The following evening he returned the clock to the marquis, mended and in complete going order. From that time Madame Trombone was a clockmaker, and Pepin was continually making and repairing work of this kind. At eighteen he made a clock with a sentry-box on the top, from which an effigy of M. Trombone emerged, and saluted as many times as denoted the hour of day. It was the marvel of the province, and brought customers from far and wide. Pepin was bound for seven years, and when Trombone returned from the wars, three of the apprenticeship, were unexpired. As one in some way connected with the State, the old soldier felt bound to act up to the letter of the law; so he gave Pepin six sous per diem with bed and board, as the articles stipulated, and he gave him no more. And now Pepin's time was up; but still he stayed at the little shop, taking his six sous, and Trombone was not distressed with anxiety for the things of the morrow. He toiled not, neither did he mend clocks. For Monsieur had a daughter, and she kept Pepin in his place,

Ye who have seen a vinegar-faced old maid snubbing a meek domestic, think not that Pepin was 'kept in his place' by any such means, or by any such maid. The little Marie—Trombone's offspring was ten years old when Pepin first saw her, and they had kissed each other morning and night, with no single interruption, ever since. Until she was fifteen she used to sit on his knee. With her arm round his neck, she would try to comprehend the great schemes he had for making clocks of marvellous construction; clocks without wheels, clocks without pendulums, clocks small enough to go in one's pocket, the weights whereof she innocently conceived were to be artfully concealed *dans les pantalons*. He made the prettiest trinkets for her ears and fingers. Neither did anything without the knowledge of the other. They loved with the truest simplest affection, and were inseparable. And Pepin was content to provide for M. Trombone's bodily and spiritual wants for six sous a day rather than part from his sister, so he called the little Marie; an arrangement with which her papa did not interfere. And this was how Monsieur Trombone managed his business.

Marie was returning from the market one day when the state-coach of Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouille-gonfée met and passed her. The Marquis was looking from the window, and seeing pretty Marie, he puckered the wrinkles of his wicked old face into a ravishing leer. Marie flushed and laughed. This marquis looked so droll—exactly like Pierrot in Filoubon's fantoccini show. Perhaps a little colour was in her cheeks, and the smile yet lingered in her eyes as she turned round to look after the lumbering equipage. The Marquis was hanging out of the window, and appeared still more like Pierrot as he kissed his hand to her. She laughed outright, and ran home to tell Pepin. Pepin was sitting at his bench. He must have had a very troublesome job in hand, for he never looked up during the recital of the comic incident, and never smiled at what had amused Marie so mightily.

"I wonder what he meant by smiling at me?" Marie said naively, looking sideways at Pepin.

"He doesn't know himself. Those rich folks always are fools," said Pepin. The answer was not complimentary, and for that reason probably not satisfactory. For Marie left Pepin, and presently put the same question to the pretty little body she found reflected in her mirror. The reflection shook its bright little head at her, and seemed to say, "There's no doubt about it, Marie, you are the prettiest girl in Gomache, and that's why the marquis made him self so ridiculous." She twisted herself sideways, holding up her round arms, better to see her figure; that inspection was satisfactory. Then, as she couldn't twist the glass low enough, she pulled her short petticoats on one side, and looked at her ankles; those, and her feet as well, were worthy of her new clocked stockings and her best high-heeled shoes. For the first time in her life she disagreed with Pepin's radical idea of aristocratic imbecility. Perhaps, after all, M. le Marquis de la Grenouille-gonfée was not such a fool as he looked. Pepin was certainly very cross all the morning, and quiet to an unusual degree; and Marie felt, though she hardly knew why, that she was in some way concerned. Any doubt she had was dispelled in the afternoon. She was sitting with her work at the shop-door, when Pepin came and leant against the door-post.

"Marie, when the marquis smiled at you did you smile at him?"

"Yes."

"Did he see you smile?"

"Yes."

"And what did he do then?"

"Why, he—he—he kissed his hand to me."

Marie flushed. She had left this detail out of her former narration. Pepin said nothing, but looked as black as a thundercloud. Marie made a feeble attempt at indifference, and began to hum; but she broke off suddenly in the first bar.

"I don't know why you should look angry, Pepin. There's no harm in laughing, is there?"

"Yes, there is."

Marie rose immediately, and went to the door of the stairs.

"Why are you going?" asked Pepin.

"To avoid your displeasure, monsieur. I can't help laughing when people make themselves ridiculous."

Marie made a saucy curtsey, and ran up-stairs, sufficiently loud for Pepin to hear, and with what earnestness may be imagined by the fact that ten minutes afterwards she ran down in tears, and throwing her arms about Pepin's neck, begged him to forgive his naughty little Marie. But though they were quite good friends again, they found that the old link of brotherly and sisterly love had been broken and was not restored; but in its place what sweeter tie it was bound them together they yet hardly knew. Already they had felt the torn concealed within the rosy wreath, and breathed its honey odour.

In the evening, as they walked through the meadow, they were very silent; and when, resting their arms upon the rail, they leant over the bridge looking into the water flowing down the mill-stream, they spoke not a word. The silence touched their hearts as never had their pleasantest conversations. Once, as Marie looked sideways at Pepin, she found him looking sideways at her. They both coloured, and resumed their study of the gudeons struggling against the current in the stream beneath them.

The gudeons, influenced by Heaven knows what, turned tail and scuttled down with the stream. Pepin shifted a little nearer to Marie,

and presently she felt his arm slide round her waist. He had never hesitated in doing this before; and she had never until now noticed the pleasantness of this kind of warm close girdle. She felt constrained to yield to its pressure; and so the two young heads met, and their glowing cheeks touched, while both looked happy enough and pretty enough for a picture. And if a prettish Raphaelite should attempt this picture, I would have him depict the gudeons carried away and tumbling head-over-heels under the mill-wheel.

There are certain people who, like certain insects, seem to have been sent on purpose to prevent our staying too long in the pleasant place they get into. M. le Marquis de la Grenouille-gonfée was of this kind of people, and a lovers' Elysium was the pleasant place into which he crept. Pepin was gone to fit a lock at the other end of the village, and the little Marie was as usual sitting with her work at the door, when the awful Grenouille-gonfée equipage made its appearance on the Place, and drew up before the clockmaker's shop. Marie flew to the door at the back of the shop, and waited with a palpitating heart in the passage; but presently she was compelled to emerge from her refuge, for the dreadful old marquis was thumping the floor with his crutch with what vehemence his withered old muscles could command. Pale as a shade, and with not the vestige of a smile on her face, Marie stood before him, whilst he leered and gabbed and chuckled over the confusion he saw in the poor girl's face. At length he professed to want a ring. Marie laid some before him, from which he selected one, and fumbled it about upon his finger.

"See, my pretty, pretty, pretty how love affects me, even to my finger-tips. Prithee do with your fair fingers what Cupid will not permit mine to do." The marquis stretched out his palsied hand.

Marie hesitated. If she did not put the ring on, this dreadful old man would make it an excuse for staying ever so much longer; if she did put it on, she would have to tell Pepin, and perhaps that would make him jealous. She was perplexed. The marquis had been in the shop ten minutes, and Madame Lechat, the village gossip, had already passed thrice. Madame Lechat, with her long nose, passing for the fourth time, decided her; she pushed the ring down the marquis's finger. The old sinner clasped her hand in his and drew it to his lips; she snatched it away, and looked to the door to see if Madame Lechat had seen this. In the doorway stood Pepin.

The following morning, as M. Trombone was preparing to get a little fresh air, as he was pleased to term his diurnal visit to the Soleil d'Or, Pepin touched his arm, and said:

"Monsieur, may I speak one word with you?"

"Why not, my good Pepin? Turenne has listened to Turenne's Trombone; why should not Trombone listen to Trombone's Pepin?"

"Monsieur, my term of service has expired."

"M-o-n Dieu!"

"I am anxious for the future."

"Be tranquil, my child. Fear not. You are a good boy, and Turenne's Trombone suffers not merit to remain unrecognised. You shall go on as if your indentures were binding on me for ever, my little cabbage!"

"Monsieur, I desire to wed the little Marie."

"My God! I am electrified!"

"Monsieur, we love each other."

"What money have you saved from your income?" asked M. Trombone, after vainly struggling to multiply six sous a day by seven years.

"None."

"Peste!"

"It costs me all for clothes."

"You must be less extravagant. You must save, my good Pepin, and then, in about five or six years, we shall see, we shall see. Good morning, my good—"

"But, monsieur, one moment. I have other views."

"It is impossible!"

"I desire to wed Marie next Sunday."

M. Trombone's leg gave way under him. He would have sunk to the earth but for the rigidity of his wooden limb. Pepin continued:

"When we are married we shall go to Paris."

"This infant is insane," said Trombone to himself. "Who will pay for the journey?" he added to Pepin.

"We shall walk!"

"A million leagues! My God, a fine marriage trip!"

"I shall pay expenses by working on the way."

"How much will there be left for Turenne's Trombone. And between us, my charming little butterfly, when do you think of returning?"

"When my fortune is made."

"Ah, poor babe, these detestable clocks have softened his brain. The devil though, it is inconvenient for me," thought the old soldier. "Pepin, suppose I say this is unwise; I cannot suffer my daughter to marry you; what then?"

"Monsieur, I shall walk to Paris by myself."

"But suppose I say, Pepin, you shall marry the little Marie provided that you take her not from beneath the roof of her fond father, nor her fond father from beneath the roof of the Soleil d'Or?"

"I will answer to-morrow."

"And I, my Pepin, shall be prepared to offer—or not—to-morrow. And now, for the sake of St. Cecile, suffer me to get a breath of fresh air. I choke, I burn; my vitals are like briar-stems within me. *Alons!*"

During the day M. Trombone was inspired;

and the next morning met Pepin with the face of a fat lamb and the eyes of a fox.

"Pepin!"

"Monsieur."

"What is my daughter, my sweet, my angelic Marie—what is she worth?"

"Ten million worlds!"

M. Trombone embraced Pepin with tears in his eyes.

"Pepin, although Turenne's right hand, I am no scholar, but reckoning a world to be worth two sous, would ten million be equivalent to a thousand livres, think you?"

"Truly."

"Then go, my spiritual infant, and bring me which you choose, the worlds or the livres, and then the little Marie shall be yours."

"How long will you give me to procure them?"

"One year."

"Monsieur, it shall be done. A notary shall make out the agreement."

Pepin made up his bundle, and the little Marie helped him—that is, she increased its bulk with innumerable useless things that might serve him in some remote emergency, and refreshed him in his labours with tender kisses and caresses. She bore up bravely during the day, her eyes only twinkling now and then, which they will do as well with a smile as with a tear. Why should she cry when her own brave good Pepin was going to earn fame, and bring back money enough to make her his wife? This was the question she repeated to herself again and again and again, until Nature answered, telling her that she was a foolish little woman, with a heart even softer than her head. Then her head gave up the contest, and her heart had it all its own way, and sufficient adid had Pepin to kiss her tears away after that.

M. Trombone never rose before the Soleil d'Or; and as Pepin was to rise the next day with the other and earlier rising sun, the parting between Turenne's Trombone and Trombone's Pepin took place over night. M. Trombone was dramatically pathetic, and his feelings were considerably intensified by his being in liquor at the time.

When Pepin opened his door the next morning, he found sitting there fast asleep the little Marie. The poor girl had tossed about in her bed for an hour after parting with her lover, and then it seemed to her that the morning must be close at hand, and that she had been lying there the whole night. How terrible it would be if the fatigue should overcome her, and she should be asleep when Pepin departed! She rose and dressed herself in the dark, and crept along to Pepin's door. He was not stirring yet; but her mind was infinitely relieved. It was so pleasant to be near the one she loved so much. She looked from the window; but no light streaks told of the approaching morning. She sat down by the door, and thought about Pepin for hours, until at last, when the morning light touched the horizon, sleep closed the eyelids of Pepin's watching angel, and she slept.

Pepin hesitated. Should he leave without awakening her, and spare her the pain of separation? A suspicion of the truth decided him not to do this. When, taking her head between his hands he kissed it, she said hastily, whilst her hands clutched his nervously,

"Yes, yes, my dearie, I am awake—I am awake!"

She was not pretty this morning, for her face was swollen and distorted with fatigue and grief; and she was not smart as she was wont to be. She used to wear a little finery at every available point of her person—she being one of those pretty gay creatures who can wear, without looking vulgar, any quantity of ornament. This morning not even her ear-rings were graced by being worn. It seemed as though she were mourning already for the lover she was to lose.

Pepin walked ten miles and began to feel hungry. He sat beneath an apple-tree by the way-side, and opened his bundle. He took out the embroidered handkerchief that Marie had insisted upon his taking, and which she prized as the most costly article of her wardrobe. Apparently kissing it gave him appetite, for he presently turned his attention to a loaf with avidity: that, too, Marie had put in. He broke it in half, but hungry as he was he did not eat. For there, in the middle of the loaf, lay Marie's ear-rings, and her brooch and her three rings, and every gimerack she possessed except the watch Pepin made and had given her the day before. Perhaps altogether these things were worth twelvepence; but the dear little soul, when she put them there, thought she was providing against the greatest poverty that might come to her sweetheart. Would any degree of want and privation induce him to part with them.

Pepin found work pretty readily in the villages on his route, and entered Rouen with sixty sous in his pocket. But in the city he found no work, for the citizens had plenty of resident clockmakers, and the clockmakers had plenty of workmen. So he went out of Rouen with a heavier heart and a lighter pocket. At length he reached Paris, and presenting himself before the chief watchmaker, asked for employment.

"What can you do?" asked M. Pendule.

"Anything," answered modest Pepin.

M. Pendule was a Frenchman, and tolerant of bumpituousness. He was himself bumpitous.

"I will give you a chance, young man. I myself am risen from nothing. I had a chance. Regard this clock: it is the most perfect in the world. I made it. It has only one fault—it will not go. Remedy the defect, and I engage you at two livres a week."

That evening the clock acted superbly, and Pepin was engaged. The letter conveying this intelligence to the little Marie was read with joyful emotion by the faithful girl; and Turenne's Trombone systematically intoxicated himself. In nine months Pepin saved sixty-eight livres; thus he had but to get nine hundred and thirty-two in the following two months. Some would have despaired. Pepin was young; more than that, he was French: he did not despair.

At that time there were in Paris two eccentric English virtuosos—collectors of curiosities—a M. Smissé and a M. Jaunez. These hated each other as only insulars can. One day M. Jaunez had bought, at the market of Smiffel, a quadroon wife; she was almost black. The next day M. Smissé bought a negress; she was quite black. These men had come to Paris and brought with them their rivalry; also they brought with them their gold. M. Jaunez purchased a Strasbourg clock. Its top was adorned with a stage. On this, at every hour, a garden sprang up, in which, half-concealed by a bush, stood Adam and Eve. Various beasts then crossed, and Adam nodded his head as if in the act of naming them. When the beasts had passed, the whole sank beneath the stage. It was a marvel of workmanship.

M. Smissé was insane when he heard of M. Jaunez's treasure. One morning he was attracted to a window by a curious piece of clockwork. On the top of the clock was a sentry-box; at the hour the door opened, a sentry issued, cocked, presented, and fired his musket, shouldered it, and returned within his sentry-box, the door of which immediately closed. This work was Pepin's. The insular rushed into the shop. M. Pendule was composing a sonnet. He was a poet. A poet can do anything. M. Pendule made clocks that did everything but go, and sonnets that did anything but sell. What matter? He still made clocks and sonnets. Giants regardlessly step over obstacles that pygmies never surmount. To return.

M. Smissé with difficulty made himself understand. M. Pendule saw what was wanted instantaneously.

"You desire a machine that shall eclipse the affair of M. Jaunez?"

"Entirely," said M. Smissé. "His beasts only slide over, and Adam merely turns his head half round. Now, if you could make my Adam's head turn round completely, and my beasts walk across—"

"Wagging their tails," suggested M. Pendule.

"That would be perfection truly," replied the Englishman with enthusiasm. "Can you achieve this?"

"This and more, monsieur."

"And the price?"

"I will tell you to-morrow."

M. Smissé departed in an ecstasy of joy, and Mr. Pendule called to him Pepin.

"Pepin!"

"Monsieur."

"I desire a clock. Upon it grows a flowering plain. On one side stands M. Noah beside his ark. Across the flowery mead there winds a procession of beasts and of birds and of fishes. They enter the ark walking and gracefully waving their tails. M. Noah follows and shuts the door. The rain descends, and waters cover the surface of the stage. The ark rocks upon the waves. M. Noah opens a window, waving his handkerchief, and revolving his head as the curtain falls upon the interesting tableau."

"Monsieur, I will do this."

"And the cost, Pepin?"

"One thousand livres, independent of assistants and material—these to be furnished by you."

"Pepin, do you know what you say?"

"Monsieur, as well as what you ask."

merry Filoubon. What girl will have a kiss, and what girl resent one being taken by a merry fellow? He had robbed Pepin, and now he threw his arms about his neck, embracing him affectionately. A Frenchman can be grateful under any circumstances.

"M. Filoubon, where is the watch you stole from me?"

"M. Pepin, where is the perfume of the autumn's rose?"

"Filoubon, it is wrong."

"Pepin, I will make it all right. Have you dined?"

"No."

"Be of my company. We dine here—at once."

"I will."

"Come, then." Filoubon then introduced Pepin to his family and the chief room in the L'Ôle Verte.

"M. Pepin, what shall it be?—vermicelli, to follow with turbot, and duck with—"

"What you will."

"Nay, you are my guest. Here is the garçon; order what you will."

After the dinner followed dessert, with wines of superb quality, and sprightly conversation, in which the Mesdemoiselles Filoubon shone greatly.

"This is reparation!" thought Pepin; and, elated, he became garrulous. He told of his wonderful clock, and the reward in store for him. Filoubon could hardly credit the wonders he heard.

"I will show to you a part of it," said Pepin.

"You are too good," said Filoubon.

"I will show you the figure of Monsieur Noah, with the revolving head. But, ah, you rogue, you will rob me of it."

"If I lay my finger upon it, may I expire!"

"I will fetch it. Pardon me; I will be absent but five minutes."

Pepin ran to his workshop, and speedily returned with the admirable figure of Noah. The Filoubon family was not in the dining-room. He hastened down stairs to make enquiries, and was met by the garçon.

"Monsieur Pepin!"

"I am he."

"The bill."

"For what?"

"Dinner of eight parties, with dessert and superb wines."

"But Filoubon?"

"Commanded me to beg your excuse of him. He has an appointment at the hour."

Whilst Filoubon was robbing Pepin in Paris, M. le Marquis de la Grenouillegonfée was doing his utmost to rob him in Gomarche.

After Pepin's departure M. Trombone's best customer was M. Trombone. He drew the most valuable articles from his stock-in-trade, and through the mediation of a carrier, who went once a month to Rouen, procured from a Jew in that city sufficient money to supply his daughter with bread and himself with liquor. Other customers had he none. In this he presently saw the hand of Providence; for had customers come he should have been able to sell them nothing. Literally his business was going to rack and Rouen. He hoped for better things. Every day the Marquis de la Grenouillegonfée spent an hour in his shop, turning over the emaciated stock and talking to little Marie, and every day Trombone said to himself, "Truly Monsieur le Marquis will buy now;" and, going over the few articles, he put such prices on them as would remunerate him for the trouble inflicted on his daughter. But M. le Marquis never saw any necessity to buy, and, which was more, never laid out a sou. His visits were an ordeal to the little Marie, and once she thought of writing of her troubles to Pepin; but the thought that he was battling for her inspired her with courage to fight for him, and she wrote not a word that could dishearten him. The day before he left he arranged a counter, with a hidden bolt, behind which Marie could sit secure from any personal advances of the marquis, and she tried to make indifference a bar between her ears and his tongue. Despite all which, the marquis contrived to give her endless annoyance. Frequently she complained to her father, and he, whilst there was a faint hope that the wealthy old brute would spend something, lent a deaf ear to these complaints, and bade his daughter remember that deference and submission to the noble were the primal duties of the lowly. But when in course of time this faint hope expired of inanition, M. Trombone cursed the aristocracy, and bade his daughter wait until he had matured a plan by which to thwart this arrogant villain, and revenge the foul insult offered to the child of Turenne's poor but virtuous Trombone.

Very often, when one's looking for wild strawberries, one finds a nettle. Inversely something like this happened to M. Trombone. Whilst cogitating as to how he might best punish the marquis for insulting Marie and buying nothing, it occurred to him that a more amiable policy might be more remunerative.

"My child," he said to the little Marie one morning, "you shall not be subjected to Monsieur le Marquis's blandishments this day. Be take yourself for a walk. I will superintend the establishment."

After Trombone had sat for some time on the watch—a term not to be misunderstood, every article of clock-work having long since disappeared from the shop—his perseverance was rewarded by the appearance of M. le Marquis. The terrible Trombone saluted him a la militaire. The venerable villain was at first disconcerted in finding the lion where he looked for a lamb; but the lion was so bland and amiable that the wolf presently regained his equanimity, and asked to see some rings.

"Monseigneur, my rings are unworthy of your finger. Spare me the humiliation of seeing my own poor diamonds eclipsed by the magnificent lustre of your resplendent knuckles."

"I will purchase one for my lacquey."

M. Trombone cursed himself for having sent away the last gimmerack that very morning.

"Monseigneur, I expire with regard! They are locked up, and my daughter—"

"The little Marie—the lovely Marie!"

"Maman de Moïse! Is my child deserving of monseigneur's notice? Would she were here now! But, alas, she has gone to get Father Pierre to write a letter to her intended."

"Her intended!"

"The worthy, the respectable Pepin, monseigneur."

"Hélas!"

"The dear boy is in Paris, commanding his own terms. He will return in two months."

"Monsieur Trombone, your lovely child should aspire to one higher than a mechanico."

"Monseigneur, the child is lovely, I admit; and she is good and young and innocent."

"Ha!"

"Good also is Pepin. What should I say against him? The noble infant will give me one thousand livres to compensate me for the loss of my little Marie."

"A thousand livres! My God!" said the marquis; and without another word he shuffled out to his carriage.

In Butter's or Mavor's spelling-book is an instructive story of a young and foolish fish who, after wisely leaving the hook, unwisely returns to bolt the bait. Unfortunately the marquis and Butter or Mavor were unacquainted, or he might have profited by the story, and kept clear of that artful angler, M. Trombone, so saving himself much subsequent pain.

One may see right into the Jeweller's shop from the porch of the Soleil d'Or, so there sat Trombone dreamily smoking his pipe, yet keenly alive to sport. He was hopeful, as anglers are. He knew the tempting nature of his daughter, and the fishy nature of the marquis. He was not surprised when the familiar vehicle appeared; only his eye brightened, and he puffed a little quicker. For several days he suffered his victim to nibble, and then he struck. Having polished his buttons and his wooden leg, and powdered his wig, he presented himself at the Château de la Grenouillegonfée.

"Monseigneur!—Behold before you the proudest, humblest, happiest, and most wretched man in Gomarche!"

M. le Marquis raised his eyebrows.

"Monseigneur!—The great Turenne's Trombone has heard of your frequent visits to his humble establishment, and of the attentions you pay his daughter, and he is overpowered with joy and pride at so great an honour. But Gomarche is censorious, and circumstances over which the veteran has no control forbid the continuance of such perfect felicity. Monseigneur!—Shortly my unfortunate daughter's betrothed will return with the thousand livres that shall save Turenne's Trombone from annihilation by the merciless maître of the Soleil d'Or. Reflect that if he finds the little Marie's heart estranged, he will renounce her, and that then my ruin will be complete. I pray you, for my sake, to forego the honours you are diurnally heaping upon my miserable head." Trombone wept; but the marquis remained unmoved. "Let me entreat you, moreover, for my child's sake. In mercy to her forbear to dazzle her eyes with the majesty of your condition, and to break her heart with a futile passion inspired by your wit and personal attractions!"

"What—what—what say you? She loves me! Does she love me?"

"O monseigneur, force me not to betray a secret she struggles so fearfully to conceal."

"O the angel, the divinity, the little cat?"

"Monseigneur!—Calm yourself. Remember you speak to the father of my future son-in-law's wife."

"The wife of another—never! She shall be mine!"

"But I cannot part with my child and the livres at the same time."

"I will double the amount Pepin offers. Now will you have her or leave her?"

"Have her or livres? O, the latter, if you please," replied Trombone.

He was bad enough even for a joke of this kind. As both understood each other, they quickly settled the terms of agreement. Trombone, to make matters perfectly comfortable, arranged with M. Rouge and M. Noir, two intimate friends, to waylay Pepin on his return from Paris and rob him of his money. By this means Pepin, by inability to fulfil his part of the contract, would have no claim on the hand of the little Marie. Trombone was so certain of success, that he would have married his daughter to the marquis there and then but for one difficulty, and this was, that Marie declared she would have nothing to do with the scheme, farther than marring it to the best of her ability. The bond between Trombone and Pepin was an impediment to a marriage within the year, which Marie vowed to declare if a notary were brought before her for hymenial purposes. It was determined therefore to postpone the ceremony until after Pepin's discomfiture, and meanwhile, as fears were entertained that Marie would be found wanting in filial respect, and not found when wanted in another respect, she was privately removed from the insecurity of the paternal roof to the Château de la Grenouillegonfée, in which were several apartments where a young lady might be put under lock-and-key, and kept in that condition until required.

Now Filoubon, who was then in Gomarche, and the two vagabonds engaged to burke Pepin, and asked to see some rings.

had a mutual friend. This common *fidus* obtained the favor of each by imparting to one the secrets intrusted to him by the other. If two of a trade cannot agree, far less can three; so when Filoubon heard of the commission received by Messrs. Rouge and Noir he hated them with a good hate. Also he hated Trombone, for he was piqued at this preference given to rascals whom he knew to be his inferiors under Mercury. Forthwith he departed from Gomarche with his troupe, and a full determination to frustrate his enemies.

Behold now M. Smissé with the most wonderful clock in Paris, M. Jaunez with the spleen, Pepin with a girdleful of gold on his way to Gomarche, Messrs. Rouge and Noir hastily preceding him—Noir with no visible eyes, and Rouge with no visible nose—and Filoubon once more delighting the village with his merry quips.

When the two vagabonds made their deplorable appearance in Gomarche, Filoubon became merrier than ever; whilst Trombone, hearing of their defeat and the near approach of Pepin, was at his wits' end for an expedient to avoid the impending catastrophe. Nothing but a miracle could save him from exposure and infamy. Happily a thaumaturgist was at hand in the person of Filoubon, and to him he applied in his strait. The difficulty he might have experienced in exposing his villainy to Filoubon, Filoubon himself removed.

"Monsieur," he said, before Turenne's Trombone had faltered out half a dozen words—"monsieur, you have sold your daughter and yourself. You trusted your little affair to two impostors; they professed to be rogues, whereas they were simply fools. Trust now to me—I am no impostor. Maintenant, suppose I arrange matters so pleasantly that you shall get two thousand livres from M. le Marquis and another thousand from M. Pepin, at the same time satisfying both parties—what would you do for your benefactor?"

"Give you half the plunder."

"Fifteen hundred livres—agreed. Now, Trombone, to business. I will be bound some of the villagers, Madame Lechat and others, have asked what has become of the little Marie?"

"They have, truly."

"And you said—what did you say?"

"I said she was ill, and visiting my sister at Les Audelles."

"Good! Say now that she is convalescent and will return. You must bid adieu to the Soleil d'Or for a few days."

"For what?"

"To fetch your daughter."

"But the marquis has her locked-up in his inaccessible château!"

"That is the two thousand livres' daughter. The one you will fetch is the one thousand livres' child."

"I am bewildered!"

"Look here, my poor Trombone. I have children in every village—more than I know what to do with. You shall come with me and select one that shall suit our Pepin, and you shall adopt her, eh?"

"But the girl?"

"We will make her understand. My faith! nice little husbands are not so plentiful that the girls should be scrupulous as to how they get them."

It has been said and shown that this Filoubon had no principle, and his present nefarious scheme was quite consistent with his practice, cheating every one fairly alike. If he plundered a man, would it not be equity to restore? By the same rule, if he saved Pepin from the hands of thieves one day, would he not be justified in robbing him the next? Thus he reasoned.

The day following Pepin's arrival in Gomarche, M. Trombone returned with his daughter. Next to Pepin the person most eager to see "the little Marie" was Madame Lechat. No sooner had she cast eyes on the girl than she was off round the village like a cricket, poking her long nose in at every door, and saying:

"I told you so! That barefaced old impostor, that villain Trombone, has brought home a girl to palm on poor Pepin that's no more like the little Marie than I am. She's artfully made-up enough; but one can see the rouge on her cheeks and the dye in her hair with half an eye."

Trombone appeared greatly shocked by the altered appearance of his sweetheart. She was thin, and her beautiful hair was short. The doctor had cut it, Trombone said, because of her fever. But the most distressing result of her illness was that her musical voice and her power of speech had entirely left her. For some time Pepin refused to believe that this was his little Marie, although M. Trombone swore by the honor of a soldier that it was, and vowed he would first trash Pepin and then imprison him if he dared doubt the veracity of Turenne's Trombone. These threats and protestations Pepin quietly disregarded, declaring that the girl was not Marie, and that he would have nothing to do with her; but when the girl burst into tears, and held out her arms to him, his incredulity vanished, and he nursed her against his breast, soothed her with kind remorseful words until she smiled again.

Trombone insisted upon the marriage taking place at once; so the young people went before the notary and were made man and wife. Pepin begged his and his wife's friends to accompany him to a house he had engaged in the neighborhood, and spend the remainder of the day in appropriate festivities. The invitation did not extend to M. Trombone. He, however, had a house of his own and festivities too, and the friends who were to participate therein were M. Filoubon and the Marquis de la Grenouillegonfée. Ah, how the three wicked vagabonds

chuckled and roared as the bridegroom crossed the Place with the precious bride they had foisted on him! All were particularly pleased. There was now no bar to the marquis's nuptials with the little Marie; so having paid his two thousand livres, as agreed, he took his departure, bidding Trombone come to the château on the morrow, when the notary would attend to settle the business. When he was gone, Filoubon took his share of the money that had been made by these transactions, and then left Trombone, who immediately went over to the Soleil d'Or to begin spending his.

He was not more than three parts inebriated when two lacqueys from the Château de la Grenouillegonfée entered the inn and attached themselves to the happy veteran. The marquis desired Trombone's attendance at the château instantly. Trombone pleaded in vain to be left in the Soleil d'Or; the lacqueys had their orders, and seeing the state in which their guest was in, without more ado they took him between them, from the cool retreat and the urgent business he was engaged in, out into the broiling heat of the afternoon. The château was well supplied with pumps, and beneath one of these the lacqueys placed Trombone, pumping on him with such energy as they possessed. After spending a delicious quarter of an hour here, Trombone rose cool-headed and sober, and was ushered immediately into the presence of the marquis. M. le Marquis was stamping up and down the magnificent apartment, ringing the bells, and smashing the china—it was the custom of the infuriated in the last century. When he had broken all the bell-wires, and there was nothing left to smash, he fell into a chair and cried. After this exhibition he called Trombone to his side, and explained the cause of his passion. The little Marie was gone! How long she had been gone he did not know; for the duenna under whose charge she had been placed could not tell. In the first paroxysm of his rage the marquis had thrown a decanter at her head, and by a pure accident hit it. This mistake he now regretted. However, he had seen Marie within a week. It was probable she had escaped that very morning, and at present was concealed in the woods adjacent to the château. One thing was imperatively necessary—the girl must be found at once. If she got into Gomarche, their delinquency would be discovered, and they might reasonably expect to row both in one boat, and that boat a galley. The marquis thought of a wife and liberty to smash china: Trombone thought of his unexpected livres and the Soleil d'Or. Then both rushed out into the wood as fast as a wooden leg and a gouty toe would permit them. For hours they searched the paths and alleys of the wood, tearing their clothes and hands with brier and bramble, perspiring at every pore, and aching in every joint. At length they found a fearful trace of the fugitive. By the border of the wood, near the road, was a deep shaft, which had been sunk for a well, and by its side a mound of earth, thrown up by the excavators. After digging a considerable depth they had failed to find water, and the work had been abandoned. A huge piece of timber, projecting over the mouth of the pit, had been left, and was the only intimation of danger; indeed this was partly concealed by the long grass and growth that sprang up about it. While these two miserable old men were resting their tired bodies upon this mound, they detected something fluttering upon the end of the timber. Trombone rose and made a nearer inspection. It was a long fragment of a dark dress material, and depended some way down the shaft. He stretched himself along the timber, and disengaging the piece, brought it still nearer to his eyes. He rose to his feet, and with a blanched face turned to the marquis. In a husky whisper he said;

"It is the little Marie's!"

Poor little Marie! She bore her imprisonment patiently enough for some time. Looking across the woods she could see from the window the road winding down the hill on the other side of the valley, on this road her eyes were ever fixed. At that distance people looked no larger than flies; yet she felt sure that when Pepin came in sight she should know him. She had little doubt that Pepin would find her. She laughed at the folly of her father and the marquis, who thought by so dull a contrivance to keep them asunder. Was it possible that locks and bolts would be of any service against one who could make a clock worth a thousand livres? M. le Marquis had paid her a visit. He said:

"My pretty, pretty, pretty, this day week you will be no longer my sweetheart!"

"Monseigneur, you are very good to me this morning."

"This day week, my rosebud, you shall be my wife."</p

A MESSAGE.

Grey Sea, that rippest towards yon Kentish cliff?
I have a message for thee, ere we part ;
Sitting off shore within this little skiff,
I trust thee with the secret of my heart.

Crowding all sail, a gallant ship glides past ;
O ! that I walked her deck, and O ! that she
Might still steer southwards, bringing me at last
Unto the land-locked Mediterranean Sea.

For there, along the Algiers coast, floats fair
A little vessel with a freight above
The treasures of these fleets; the gentle air
That fans the sails is breathed by her I love.

Her pleasure-yacht glides on from bay to bay,
Bearing her farther from me ; but still thou,
O Sea ! art with her always on her way,
Beside her, as thou art beside me now.

A thousand miles thy waves have parted us !
Yet, since they roll the same from me to her,
I love to think thou dost unte us thus ;
And now, I charge thee, be my messenger.

Choose some sweet night hour, when the stars
are bright
Above her head, when all thy waters round
Are tuned and touched with music and with
light ;
Then be thy charm upon her spirit bound :

Intrude not on one bright day's happiness ;
Sometimes at eve approach her lonely hour,
Venturing her bosom softly to oppress
With feelings whereof mine now owns the
power.

The yearning for the One beloved and far,
The confident hope of joy which comes not
yet ;
Yes ! set thy dark wave with a quiet star
Of hope—that we may meet as we have met.
Tell her my heart with loss of her can know
No loss of love ; that absence changes me
Less than the storms and tides which come and
go
After the deep and everlasting sea !

FROM ADEN TO MATURA.

"And if the Australian mail should happen to be a day or two late, you can't do better than take the coach at Galle, and come out here for the meantime. I should like to have a talk over old days, and there are a few snipe in the paddy-fields; at all events, I can make you more comfortable than you would be in a Galle hotel.

As I anticipated with no particular feeling of pleasure a probable detention of several days at Point de Galle, it was very agreeable to find the letter of which this formed a part waiting for me at Aden.

"MATURA, November, 1865.

Aden is certainly the dearest and driest of all the dry and dreary halting places which depress the spirits of the traveller by the "Peninsular and Oriental" route to the East. Arriving in harbor at about eight in the morning, we (the passengers in the steamship Bengal for various parts of Her Majesty's Oriental and Austral possessions) had been driven ashore by the commencement of the unpleasant operation of "coaling," a process capable of reducing the fairest complexion to a semblance of that of the "niggers" occupied in it, and rendering any position on board untenable. After a miserable breakfast (washed down with very indifferent lukewarm claret), charged at an exorbitant price, we had watched from the veranda of the hotel (!) the flat-bottomed coal-boats come and go between the steamer and the coal-yard; the gawky, sulky-looking camels padding along the sandy road; the glossy cormorant, watching motionless on the scorched rock till with a flash and a plunge he disappears for a few moments to return with a writhing fish in his greedy beak.

All the day we are surrounded by a noisy crowd of Jews, Arabs, and negroes, and various other nationalities, all equally obnoxious to sight, hearing, and smell, who endeavor to force on us for sale ostrich feathers and eggs, turquoises, real and false, shells, inferior Bombay mosaics, fans, shawls, knick-knacks, and curios of all kinds; or having nothing to sell, content themselves with shouting for "bakshish," which they demand as a sort of right.

So the day passes, till the last coal-boat is seen to leave the Bengal; the signal-gun is fired, and "Blue Peter" runs up to the masthead. In less than half an hour we are all once more on board, where steam is already being got up. The decks are as clean as a "new pin;" a delightful sense of coolness and freshness pervades the whole vessel; the planks are as white, and the brass work as brightly polished, as if such a thing as "coaling" were unknown. Dinner is nearly ready, and passing the steward's pantry, I notice that the worthy chief of that department has a larger number of long-necked champagne and moselle bottles in his ice-pails than usual, to wash away some of the Aden dust and the

Aden discomfort. Now the fiddle strikes up, the capstan bars are manned, and just before the anchor is aboard, here comes the mail-boat; scarcely has the jolly commander of Her Majesty's Navy in charge of the mails set foot on the deck when a throb runs through the motionless vessel, the screw once more commences its revolution, and as we pass out into the purple Indian Ocean the night drops down on us like a curtain, and very soon the glimmer of the lighthouse at the harbor's mouth is the last we see (or wish to see) of Aden.

So we return to the ordinary "board-ship" life. Day after day—

"Underneath the awning
We stretching lie, and yawning,"

and sleeping, eating, and drinking, playing chess, cards, backgammon, smoking a good deal; also flirting (and there is no place I know of for a quiet flirtation like the cushioned lounges at the end of the stern saloon, the time being about ten in the morning, when "everybody" except "he" and "she" is on deck). Shoals of bonitos and porpoises roll gayly along by our side; silvery showers of flying-fish dash against the bulwarks, perhaps leaving one or two unfortunates gasping on the deck; sometimes an inquisitive shark, unacquainted with the arrangements of the P. and O. steamers, shows his ugly form for a minute or two in our wake, and with a flounce of his tail disappears, after satisfying his curiosity.

Groups of islets, each with its tiny plume of palm-trees, appear, and fade into nothing, and at last we see a little blue point rising far ahead out of the purple sea—Adam's Peak.

As we approach, the peak grows more and more distinct in its outline; lesser mountains seem to gather round its base; now a fringe of dark cocoanut trees edges the yellow sand, while here and there the white dome of a Buddhist temple, or the tall minaret of a Mahomedan mosque, break the monotony of the forest green.

We sweep past a flotilla of outrigger fishing canoes, dancing on the sunlit waves, whose tawny occupants are too busy with their fishing to take much notice of our big steamer, and a very few more turns of the screw brings us to the mouth of the lovely little harbor of Point de Galle.

On our left towers the tall, white light-house and the old Dutch fort and church, and overhanging the ramparts the glitter of the tulip-tree, the blaze of the scarlet hibiscus, and the golden trumpets of the savanna flower. Further on, on the same side we catch a glimpse of the low-roofed native houses of the Petah nestling amongst the ubiquitous cocoa-nut trees, the breezes from which, although

"Blowing soft from Ceylon's isle,"

do not at all realize the idea of good Bishop Heber as to their "spicy" qualities. Facing us, as we steam up the harbor, is the pretty residence of the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, with its beautiful gardens and flowery terraces graduating down to the very margin of the flood. On our right the promontory runs boldly out into the sea, and is clothed to the water's edge with flowering plants and shrubs, and crowned with foliage of all varieties of color; the church and schools, &c., of the English Church Missionary Society gleam white amongst the greenery.

The harbor itself is full of shipping of all classes and nationalities, from our own stately sea-palace to the little native "dhonie," which coasts the island with cargoes of calico, cocoanut oil, native coffee, salt fish, and other commodities. Here a smart Yankee brig is discharging her delightful freight of Wenham Lake ice and New England apples; there an English schooner receives her cargo of coffee from the mountains of the interior; all is bustle and animation, and offers a pleasing contrast to our last halting-place—dreary, monotonous Aden. Our steamer is speedily surrounded by a perfect fleet of native canoes, whose occupants, in long white or colored skirts, and with their long hair fastened back with a high comb from the forehead and gathered in a knot at the back of the head, present a rather effeminate appearance.

These gentry, as our vessel is swinging round,

hold up for our admiration combs, bracelets,

knife-handles, necklaces, and other ornaments

made of tortoise-shell; jewels, some genuine,

many more spurious; ebony and ivory elephants;

and scandal-wood fans, trays, or boxes. Many

of the boats are loaded with baskets full of ba-

nanas, mangoes, mangosteens, guavas, pine-

apples, pomegranates, cachou-nut—fruit and

vegetables of very variety of size, color, shape,

and flavor, whose owners are soon deeply en-

gaged in bargaining with the purser and his

alde-de-cuisine, the head steward; whilst the

head stewardess, with her attendant train of

nymphs of the cabin and saloon, is giving out

soiled and receiving clean table linen and sheets

from the "Dhoby" boat: balle being one of the

principal laundries of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

Mistrusting the seaworthiness of the narrow outrigger canoes, which dance on the waves around us (though I have since learnt by experience that they can live in almost any sea), I deposit myself and my belongings in a comfortable English-built boat, and rounding an angle of the fort, am speedily landed at the old wooden pier, which is strewn with shining blocks of ice from the Yankee brig, so large that even the blazing tropical sun appears to have no effect upon them. I decline the shrill importunities of the drivers of certain vehicles called palanquin carriages, which are a sort of cross between a bathing machine and a London "four-wheeler,"

and passing under the old moss-grown archway, turn to the left, through an avenue of tulip-trees and palms, and arrive in the hospitable veranda of the Sea-view Hotel, where I am glad to learn that the mail for Australia is not expected to arrive for at least four or five days.

Here is pretty Miss De Silva, the sprightly brunette, who has been captivating all the youngsters on board the Bengal with her powers of waltzing and indiscriminate repartee; she was always so droll about "having to live always quite in the country—Jungle they call it, you know—on papa's coffee estate, with hardly any Europe people to talk to. I can't bear black people. Can you?" and "Oh, how nice to meet dear papa again, when I get up to Kandy!" But she does not seem quite so delighted as might be expected at the appearance of dear papa, who has taken the trouble to come to Galle to welcome his volatile daughter from her English school; Mr. De Silva is very dark-complexioned indeed. "The climate," whispers the young lady to Ensign the Hon. Bob Smasher, "has quite altered dear papa; he is so dreadfully burnt!" The ensign, glancing at the respected parent of his enslaver, who devotes himself with more gusto to the curry and rice, kibobs, and other delicacies dear to the native palate, than to the beef and mutton affected by the greater proportion of the party at dinner, inwardly decides that for the future it would be as well to beware of sprightly brunettes—at all events, to the east of Suez.

Here also is Mr. Duncan MacTaggart, who passed first in the examination for the Ceylon Civil Service, and astonished (and bored) all the passengers with his surprising knowledge of political economy and other unknown sciences, talking highly classical (Cannon Row) Cingalese, improved by a strong Scotch accent, to a somewhat bewildered Tamil merchant from the Malabar coast, who is unacquainted with that language.

Dinner over, and Manilla smoked, I ascertain that the Matura coach starts at five A. M., "sharp," and, seductive as are the attractions of one more cheroot in the cool moonlit veranda—I summon a tawny-visaged, white-petticoated valet, answering to the name of "Appoo," to beat the mosquitoes from inside the curtains, before I trust myself to my bed; and betaking myself to the scantily furnished but beautifully clean bedroom, and evading the mosquitoes by a dexterous leap through the gauze curtains, which are instantly closed and tucked in by my dusky attendant, I compose myself to sleep. The ceiling is of whitewashed canvas, and just as I am "going off" I hear overhead a rush, a rattle, a squeak.

"Who on earth is making that awful noise above, Appoo?"

"Only one snake, sar, he catching one rat!" These are pleasant neighbors, certainly, but as Appoo informs me they "can't come through," I presently go to sleep.

"Sharp" is by no means, a correct mode of expressing the start of the Matura coach, for it is nearly six o'clock before the last kicking, plunging, raw-boned brute of a horse is forced into the shafts of that indescribably dirty and uncomfortable vehicle; and as we rattle under the old fort gate and turn eastward the sky before is flushed with rose-color, which rapidly brightens, till the sun springs up; then the palm-trees, drenched with the night dew, sparkle like green plumes dropped with diamonds; light puffs of feathered vapor float upwards from the river and paddy-fields, and are gone; long troops of white paddy-birds fly clinging to their distant feeding grounds. Mummy-like figures in the verandas of the native town unroll themselves and become yawning, stretching, scratching human creatures, winking a lazy welcome to the day.

Along the sea-shore, pert shiny-backed little crows dispute the possession of last night's upcasts with mangy pariah curs (the birds invariably getting the best of the argument); a cloud of brilliant butterflies quiver their velvet wings of sable and azure, or of crimson and gold, hovering over some favorite flower; hideous fat lizards (iguanas) scuttle into the low jungle on the roadside.

Now we hear the steady "clang-clang" of elephant-bells, and pass half a dozen of the unwieldy, docile creatures, strolling easily down to take their sea-bath before commencing their day's work. Man goes forth (in rather an indolent, *laissez-aller* manner) to his labor—to tickle the light soil of his rice-field with a little wooden plough drawn by two enormous half-savage buffaloes, or to wash the family wardrobe in the adjacent stream; small fleets of fishing canoes put out from each hamlet: a party of coolies, under the direction of a fat rascally, or overseer, stamp the newly mended road with iron-bound rams, at the rate of about three strokes per minute, accompanying their work with a melancholy monotonous song and chorus, and not sorry for the excuse of the coach passing to stand aside and watch it till it is out of sight, and afterwards to have a good long gossip about the vehicle itself, the driver, the passengers, the horses, &c.

Higher and higher mounts the sun, the heat increases, a sultry east wind springs up and fills our mouths and eyes with red dust; so, notwithstanding the beauty of the tropical day, I am only too glad to enter the pretty little Dutch town of Matura, and pull up at the hospitable bungalow of my friend, with its pretty garden in front, and the broad Matura River flowing behind; and after a bath of delicious coolness, I am quite ready to do ample justice to the substantial breakfast, whose premonitory odours have accompanied (and hastened) my toilet.

A WIFE'S SECRET.

BY H. L. D.

"An invitation to dine with Sir Thomas Johnstone, and a ticket for the Medical Society's *soirée*! Both require evening costume, and I have not a dress-coat to my back!" exclaimed Charles Beaumont, dismally. "Go, I must, Pussie; for the only chance of extending my practice it by making new acquaintances. You women have one solid advantage over us dependent males. You can buy a few yards of muslin and ribbon, and manufacture your costumes at small cost. There are but two courses, to choose between—credit at a fashionable tailor's, or hiring the necessary garment."

"Credit means debt, Charlie dear," said his wife—"and hitherto we have kept free from that evil; and, as to hiring a coat, it is very dangerous to do so. You might catch a fever, or the small-pox, or something dreadful. Let me put on my 'considering cap,' whilst you read the paper; and don't speak to me for a least a quarter of an hour."

So saying, Pussie sat down near the open window, put her two little thin elbows on the table, thrust her hands through her short, curly hair, and fell into a profound reverie.

Beaumont took up the paper, and pretended to read; but, in truth, he was contemplating his young wife; and his heart ached as he observed her thin, fragile form and pale cheeks. Just one year before, Charles Beaumont and Beatrice Leith had committed a very grave error; but even the most severe jury of British matrons must have owned that there were "extenuating circumstances."

Charles Beaumont was the only child of a rich cotton-spinner at Manchester, who permitted his son to give up the more lucrative pursuit of trade for the study of medicine, with the clear understanding that he should marry a certain rich heiress, who was ten years older than himself, and by no means handsome.

Charlie cheerfully agreed to this matrimonial arrangement—he so thoroughly detested his father's business that to escape from it on any terms was welcome to him, and he trusted to some lucky chance to release him from the distasteful marriage. He worked hard, passed his examinations creditably, and then determined to take a holiday; for, to tell the truth, he was in no hurry to establish a practice and settle for life. So he wrote to his parents, pleaded a somewhat obstinate cough as a reason for going south instead of visiting his northern home, and took up his abode at Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight. Before leaving town, a fellow-student gave him a letter of introduction to a Captain Leith, who lived at Freshwater Bay.

"Look here, old fellow," said the young man, significantly, "don't you fall in love with my fair cousin. My uncle Leith is a retired Navy Captain, proud as Lucifer, and by no means rich; his wife is very High Church, and was a beauty some twenty years ago; and their only child Beatrice, *alias* Pussie, is the dearest little creature living, but her parents think nothing or nobody under a duke good enough to wed with the house of Leith."

"Never fear that I shall fall in love with a spoiled beauty," asseverated Beaumont, as he pocketed the letter, without the least intention of making use of it.

The day after his arrival at Freshwater Bay proved wet and windy; and, as he was lounging about on the shore, the most charming little maiden came tripping along, dressed in a blue serge costume and scarlet cloak. The wind was very high, so she had taken off her hat and given it to a large Newfoundland dog, who carried it in his mouth with an air of importance. In lieu of the hat the young girl had drawn the hood of her cloak over her head; and thus clad she defied the wind and walked close to the sea. Presently she ventured so near that a wave dashed completely over her, with such force as almost to knock her down. Beaumont rushed forward and expressed his concern for the accident and the hope that she was not hurt.

"Pray do not distress yourself—I am not in the least hurt," she replied, with a quick smile; "Bruce and I are used to salt water."

Whilst speaking, she had taken off her cloak to shake it; the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly.

Beaumont stopped down, under pretence of stroking the dog, but really to read the name engraved on its collar. To his surprise and pleasure he read, "Captain Leith, Curlew Cottage, Freshwater Bay."

"Will you permit me to introduce myself to you through the medium of this letter, which I was to present to your father?" he said.

"What! are you Char—Mr. Beaumont of whom I have heard cousin Fred speak so often?" cried the young girl, extending her hand in a friendly manner. "I am Beatrice Leith, whom no doubt you have heard Fred mention, for until last year, when May Fenwick stole his affections from me, we were devoted lovers."

Beaumont replied that he knew her well by name.

"Well, then, we can sit down here and make friends whilst my hair and my cloak dry, for mamma will be very angry if I go home dripping."

So saying, Pussie loosened her beautiful chestnut hair over her shoulders, and seated herself on the beach.

Charlie looked with admiration at the abundant and wavy tresses of his fair companion,

which hung down below her waist in natural curls. At first the conversation was all about "cousin Fred," but soon they talked on other subjects.

Half-an-hour passed rapidly, when suddenly Pussie looked at her watch and exclaimed, as she started to her feet, "I was sent to buy some eggs in the town, and mamma is waiting to make an omelette! Good-by, Mr. Beaumont." But Charlie insisted upon accompanying her to market.

On the return home, Pussie stopped suddenly, and said quite gravely. "Now you really must leave me, for mamma would be dreadfully shocked if she knew that I had made the acquaintance of a stranger on the strength of a letter addressed to papa. And it was very wrong," she added with a quivering little sigh, "but I have no companions to laugh and talk with. Papa has the gout and is always very cross, and mamma hasn't the gout and is always very cross. Sometimes I feel quite miserable, and, if it were not for the sea, and Bruce, and Dart the kitten, and Jane our maid-of-all-work, who have some youth and fun in them, I should pine away and die!"

"Poor little Pussie!" sympathised Charlie tenderly.

Pussie shook her head with assumed dignity, as she continued, "Yonder is Curlew Cottage, and, when you come there this afternoon to deliver your credentials, I shall be introduced to you as 'My daughter, Miss Beatrice Leith.' Mind you look very grave, and bow stiffly, and I shall cast down my eyes and look — oh, so meek! Be sure you put your gloves on, and divide your conversation equally between papa and mamma."

Beaumont promised to obey her instructions strictly. From that hour he could think of nothing but a pair of violet eyes and a sweet little form in a scarlet cloak. A strong wave of love had rushed into his heart, and swept away all the barriers of prudence.

It chanced that the very day after Charles Beaumont's first visit to Curlew Cottage the master of the residence was laid up with a severe attack of gout, which necessitated the constant attention of his wife. What more natural than that Pussie, who was often sent out to make purchases for the fractious invalid, should meet Beaumont three or four times a day, more especially as he kept a vigilant watch over the house of his lady-love?

The day-dreams of these fond lovers were, however, rudely broken. One morning Beaumont came to Curlew Cottage with some peaches for the invalid, and a large bouquet for Mrs. Leith. The Captain, who was rapidly recovering from his illness, lay on a sofa in the drawing-room, reading a somewhat lengthy epistle.

"Just in time, my young friend, to congratulate our Pussie on her good fortune," said the Captain.

Pussie, who was arranging the flowers which Beaumont had brought, opened her eyes to their full extent, as she exclaimed, "My good fortune, papa! What do you mean?"

"His letter contains a proposal for your hand from my valued and esteemed friend, Sir Harry Taylor, K.C.B.," replied the Captain, pompously.

At this announcement Pussie burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, whilst Charlie looked woe-begone and astonished. The Captain frowned angrily at this untimely merriment, and said severely, "I see no cause for laughter, Miss Beatrice."

"I beg your pardon, papa; I know that the silly old man is your friend, but the idea of his asking me to marry him is too absurd!" returned Pussie; then, taking up an album, she opened and handed it to Beaumont, saying, "Look, Char—Mr. Beaumont, there is the portrait of my venerable adorer!" And again the imprudent girl began to laugh.

Beaumont glanced at the portrait; it was that of a stout elderly man with a bald head. The idea of this antique aspirant's offering himself as a suitor for the hand of the pretty, youthful creature who sat watching his countenance with intense amusement completely overcame Beaumont's sense of decorum; he also began to laugh. But their mirth was not of long duration. The Captain seized a stick with lay beside him, and flung it at the china bowl in which Pussie was arranging some flowers, and the offending vessel was shattered to pieces.

"Leave my house directly, and never enter it again, you insolent young rascal!" exclaimed the angry old man. "No doubt you think that my Beatrice would make a fine wife for you, but mark my words, sir—she shall never wed the son of a tradesman! And you, Miss Impertinence, make up your mind to marry my valued friend, Sir Harry Taylor, in the course of the next six weeks, and be thankful that he is at least a gentleman by birth!"

"What a shame, to insult a guest under your very roof!" interrupted Pussie, who was now in as great a rage as her father. "I will never marry that horrid old man, who takes snuff, swears, and drinks too much grog at night! I would rather drown myself!"

"Hold your tongue, girl, and go to your room! Time will show which of us has the stronger will," said the Captain. "Only let me catch you speaking to that young puppy again, and I will give you both a sound thrashing!"

Beaumont heard these angry words with perfect calmness; and this provoked his fiery as-

sailant more than if he had flown into a passion. With studied politeness he took his leave, whispering to Pussie, "We shall soon meet again."

But these proposed meetings were not such easy matters to arrange. Poor Beatrice was watched so narrowly by her father that her life was rendered miserable; her mother also took part against her. It was pleasing to the worldly-minded, vain woman to contemplate the prospect of her daughter becoming the wife of a Baronet and mistress of a large fortune. Besides, it was proposed by the bridegroom-elect that his bride's parents should reside with the happy pair, on their fine estate in Devonshire.

"You must run away from such cruel parents, miss, and go to London," counselled Jane. "My mother keeps a lodging-house in Cecil Street, Strand; and you can stay under her care and be an opera-singer or play-actress—for it is better to be anything than a miserable wife."

But the young lovers proposed a better arrangement—namely, to run away and get married.

"You must be married first and run away afterwards," corrected Jane, gravely. "Your lodgings, sir, are in the next parish. Put up your banns there; for neither master nor miss is ever goes to that church, and, if they did, old Mr. Jones mumbles so that nobody never hears the names of the parties asked."

Beatrice wrote a long letter to Sir Harry, frankly telling him that she did not like him, much less love him, and entreating him to give up all thoughts of marriage with her, as no force or persuasion should make her his wife. By return of post came the following laconic reply:—

"MY DEAREST BEATRICE,—Parents are the best judges as to what will be conducive to the happiness of their children. I shall be with you in a fortnight, when I hope to find you ready to be my obedient wife."

"Yours affectionately,

HARRY TAYLOR."

True to his promise, the would-be bridegroom arrived on the Monday after Charles Beaumont and Beatrice Leith had been asked in church for the second time.

Beatrice was very sulky, and refused to walk out with her gallant admirer. With the assistance of Jane she contrived a short interview with Charlie at least once a day.

On the Sunday when the banns were to be published for the last time, Sir Harry announced his intention of going to the very church where he would hear the most unwelcome announcement.

"A very clever young parson, a friend of mine, is going to take the service there for a fortnight," remarked he—"one of the finest readers and preachers I ever heard."

Beatrice felt faint with terror at this determination of Sir Harry's.

"I am sorry that my confounded gout will not allow me to walk so far, and my wife is not equal to so much fatigue; but Pussie will like the change, and go with you," said the Captain, who had become wonderfully amiable since the arrival of his friend.

"Good preachers are scarce, so I will go," consented Pussie, ungraciously.

The two old men exchanged significant glances, they thought that Pussie was "coming," and tired of talking.

At the end of the second lesson there was quite a sensation in the church whither Beatrice had accompanied her suitor on that last Sunday of her single life. As the service proceeded, Beatrice heard with terror the clear, sonorous voice of the gifted reader, and knew that the banns of "Charles Beaumont and Beatrice Leith" would be published, for the third and last time of asking, with fatal distinctness. Driven to desperation, she resolved at the critical moment to assume faintness, which it was not hard to do, for her face and lips were blanched with fear, and she really did feel ill. So she closed her eyes and drooped her head, and began to cry. Up started Sir Harry, knocked down two or three large books, and so attracted the attention of everybody in the church. Quiet was not restored until Sir Harry had half led, half carried his fair companion from the church, and the "Jubilate" had begun.

The following day Beatrice Leith and Charles Beaumont were married, and started off immediately for London, whence they sent two copies of the newspaper containing the announcement of their marriage, the one to Manchester, and the other to Freshwater. It would be difficult to say which of the parents of the bride and bridegroom were the more furious; and letters of mutual recrimination passed between the engaged elders.

In the meantime the principal offenders had taken a small villa at Brompton, and put a brass plate on the door, notifying that "Charles Beaumont, Surgeon," lived there. But, alas! the night-bell rang very seldom; and Jane, who had been dismissed in disgrace from Curlew Cottage for aiding the flight of her young mistress, and had come to live with the newly-married

pair, declared that she had not half enough to do.

By-and-by came a baby-boy, who died after having nearly cost his mother her life. Then for the first time Beaumont regretted the step that he had taken in making Beatrice his wife. He looked at the fragile form of her whom he loved so fondly, looking so child-like, with her short hair curling all over her head (for during her serious illness her beautiful tresses had been shorn), and sighed as he thought of the bracing sea-air of which she stood in need but which he could not afford to give her.

In secret Beaumont wrote to his father a humble letter asking for the means to take his wife out of town. This letter cost him a severe struggle; and his bitterness increased when it remained unanswered. The brave young wife soon rallied her spirits and stoutly denied the weakness from which she suffered, until even her husband was deceived.

Pussie was still leaning on her elbows, lost in thought. The entrance of Jane with the tea-things disturbed her reverie.

"Charlie, dear, will you make two solemn promises?" she said, rising and putting her arm round her husband's neck.

"Two dozen if you wish it, my darling," replied Charlie, as he returned the caress.

"First, you must promise not to ask any questions about letters I may receive and not wish to show to you, or when I say 'It is my secret' you must be content to remain in ignorance for a short time," said Pussie.

Beaumont shook his head with assumed gravity, as he replied, "This is a serious matter."

"Ah, but, dearest, you know how fondly I love you, and, as the little cot is empty, there is now no rival to you," answered Pussie, tremulously; for the death of her baby, although he lived only a few hours, was a terrible blow to her.

"I promise," said Beaumont.

"The second promise I ask for is that you will let me provide you with a dress-coat," continued Pussie.

"If you wish me to go to the dinner and soiree in your velvet jacket, I will do so," said Charlie.

The next three weeks were very trying to the young doctor, such an atmosphere of mystery came to the house with the air of a conspirator.

One evening Charlie missed his last new frock-coat, and a fear took possession of him that these two well-meaning but misguided young women were endeavoring to change the garment into one fitted for evening attire.

"What shall I look like in such an amateur specimen of tailoring?" he sighed. "Still, I must wear it if Pussie wishes me do so."

The day for the dinner-party at length arrived and Beaumont came home to dress. His wife opened the door to him. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and two crimson spots—the result of excitement—glowed on her cheeks. Jane, looking scarcely less important, stood smiling in the background.

"Come into the dining-room and have a cup of tea before you go up to dress," said Pussie.

"And oh, if you please, sir, Brown the baker's five children have the whooping-cough," put in Jane. "Poor little dears! Isn't it lucky? Mrs. Brown says please will you call and see them in the morning?"

Beaumont smiled as he replied—"I scarcely think Brown will consider himself lucky."

"No, sir, p'raps not; but it's well for young doctors to take out their tradesmen's bills with sickness at first," rejoined Jane, "until they arrive at a footman and a guinea fee."

Great was Beaumont's surprise, on entering his dressing room, to find a well-made dress-coat spread out on a chair; but greater still was it when he discovered, pinned to the breast of the garment, the bill receipted.

The coat fitted him to perfection. He felt a choking sensation at the throat as he murmured "What can my darling have parted with to pay for this?" He knew her stock of jewellery was very small.

When he entered the drawing-room, Pussie was seated, pretending to work; she sprung up and exclaimed—

"Oh, Jane, come and look—it fits him beautifully!" and then she danced around in childish glee.

"Master looks like a prince!" was Jane's verdict.

"Before I go away you must clear up this mystery, and tell me what you have sacrificed to give me this welcome gift," said Beaumont, in a very shaky voice, as he placed his hands on Pussie's shoulders and looked tenderly into her upturned eyes.

"Only a few quires of paper," replied Pussie, as with trembling fingers she fastened a rose and some sprays of maidenhair fern into his button-hole. "You see, Charlie, I found the time pass very slowly when you were out; so I wrote a story—and it was just finished when you told me of your difficulty about the dress-coat. I then determined to try to dispose of the manuscript to a magazine. I sent it to the editor, and it was read and accepted; and guess my rapture when last night came a cheque for ten pounds! You

cannot imagine how hard it was to keep my secret from you; and I will never have another as long as I live. Now you must go—the cab is at the door. Enjoy yourself—and don't hurry home."

Another surprise awaited the young doctor that night. As he drove up to his house he observed with surprise that it was brilliantly lighted.

"Lights in the spare room!" he murmured. "Can Pussie be ill?" But the little woman opened the door to him.

"We have welcome, but very unlooked-for visitors," she said mysteriously. "You must let me bandage your eyes, and then guess who they are by their voices."

Charles looked bewildered, but allowed himself to be blindfolded and led into the drawing-room.

"Charles!" said a well-known voice.

"Mother!" exclaimed Beaumont as he tore off the handkerchief and embraced the speaker.

"Why did you not write before, my son?" asked his mother.

"I respect your pride, boy, but it might have cost you dearly," said his father, coming forward and grasping the hand of his son.

The excitement of the day had been too much for the tender frame of Pussie; she burst into a violent fit of weeping, and this gave an opportunity for much tenderness and petting on the part of her mother-in-law.

The affair of the unanswered letter sent by Charles to his father was explained and accounted for by the absence from home of his parents, who, as soon as they returned, started off for London.

Prosperity now dawned upon the young couple. Mr. Beaumont purchased a first-rate practice for his son, having previously taken the young couple for six weeks to Scarborough. Mrs. Beaumont, who was a courageous woman, went down to Freshwater, and tried to reconcile the offended parents of Beatrice to their daughter. She had a difficult task, but in the end she succeeded. A few months afterwards, the birth of a son and heir to the houses of Beaumont and Leith completed the reconciliation.

A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.—The old Government buildings on Washington street, says the San Francisco post, are making way for the Appraisers' store, and with them will disappear the mouldy book-vendors, the candy merchants, the marking-ink eulogists, and all those traders who have so long made this their rendezvous. There is a little story in connection with these buildings which the writer learned from a gentleman who knew the parties concerned. Like many of the incidents which occur daily in this country of change and excitement, it has a strong piece of romance, and would not furnish a bad plot for the writers in the sensational weeklies. Every day for five years, no matter how heavily the winter rain came down or the gusty summer wind swept from the hill-tops, an old man took up his position near the post-office, and sat until dusk behind his tray of assorted candies. Children on their way to mail or demand letters patronized the old candy merchant. He appeared to shun acquaintance with his professional brethren, and no matter what novelties they introduced in their business, he kept aloof from competition, and adhered strictly to the legitimate sweet stuffs. Among his customers came one day a bright-eyed, neatly dressed urchin, who put down his five cents, and boldly demanded its equivalent in molasses candy. While the old fellow wrapped it up in the scanty piece of brown paper, he looked wistfully into the urchin's eyes. The boy took his candy and went off with his mouth full. The next day the little chap turned up again, and again purchased his five cents' worth of candy. One morning the candy merchant, while wrapping up his young customer's purchase, asked the name of his patron. The little fellow gave it. The candy man immediately removed his tray to the care of a fellow merchant, and told the boy that he would accompany him to his mother's house. The boy conducted him to a pleasant residence on Bryant street. His mother opened the door, and the moment her eyes fell on the candy merchant she threw her arms round him, and sobbing violently, called him "father." It appears that at one time the candy man was a well-to-do merchant in Portland, Me. His eldest daughter eloped with a gambler, a man who had a very hard reputation in that town. On coming to California, however, he gave up his regular encounters with the "tiger," and devoted himself to speculating in mining stocks. He was fortunate, grew wealthy, bought real estate, and won the name of being an honorable and generous man. His wife wrote back to Portland, but her letters were returned, for her father had failed in business, her mother was dead, and the other members of the family settled in New York. The old man then came to California, not knowing of his daughter's whereabouts, and, after many unsuccessful efforts, finally went into selling candy. Something in the little boy's face reminded him of his daughter, and when he heard the name he remembered the handsome gambler, against whom he had so often warned his wilful child. The reunion was a very happy one, and the candy profession has lost one of its members.

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No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.

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The Age of Vulgar Glitter; Mrs. Seymour's Curls; To the Absent; By the Waters; Almo-ite; To a Lover; A Fragment from the Scenes of Life; The Axle of the Heavens; The Correct View; Apostrophe to a Tear; June; A Debtor's Dilemmas; Proved; Wanted Some Beaux; Canadian Rain Storm After Long Drought; The Murderer's Mistake; Yesterday; Carrie's Hat and What Came of It; Leonie Collyer's Error; A Memory Autumn.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Twentieth of December next.

TOYS.

The original of the word toy is the Danish *toi*, which means an implement. Strange that we should owe the name of a child's plaything to those old sea kings, whom our Apostle of the heroic so lauds for their terrible earnestness! Yet there is more congruity in this than at first appears. It is hardly correct to speak of a toy, after the manner of dictionaries, as a mere plaything. True, it serves to amuse, but it is as real, as worthy of implicit faith to its little owner, as many of those things which engross maturer minds. Play to the child is as work to the adult—a necessity and a test of healthful existence. Now, toys as the instruments of play are the media by which the opening mind receives its primary lessons in life: they are the *toys*—the implements—by which infancy first engages in active pursuits.

If we carefully watch how children use their mimicries of actual things, we can pretty surely predict how they will afterwards act amidst the stern realities of life. This boy, who with calm persverance, overcomes the difficulties of a puzzle, or of symmetrically putting his tiny sham bricks together, gives promise of becoming a plodding, determined, reliable man. The little maiden who, with anxious care and tender solicitude, watches over her doll, will, if nothing happens to spoil her, grow up to be a loving, domestic, wife. This girl, whose whole attention is directed to decking her waxen child in the gayest attire, and seeking to win for it the praises of her friends, gives omen that as an adult she will be fond of fine dress and anxious to court admiration. That other one who loves not dolls, but delights rather in those things which please her brothers, shows signs that she will become a woman, who, however useful in her way, and fitted to fight for some great truth, or fulfil some high duty, is wanting in those charms which give her sex its peculiar grace. This young rogue who seems to look upon toys as objects for destruction has made a very bad beginning. He could not, in truth, well give a worse presage; not, indeed, so much, because he may thus manifest a naturally destructive tendency, but rather because he shows the buddings of a careless, thriftless disposition. For it is noted the destroyers of toys are generally to be found amongst those upon whom they are lavishly bestowed. The profuseness with which they are given takes away all idea of their value. Hence, when the novelty of each acquisition is past it is speedily got rid of to make room for something new. A habit is thus engendered which, unchecked, will mature into a character selfishly versatile, fickle, vain, frivolous, and incapable of anything true or noble. Depend upon it, large supplies of toys are as baneful to a child's mental and moral vigour as are too many sweetmeats to its physical health: they produce a depraved appetite, and such a dyspepsia of heart and mind as results in a weak and flabby character. The youngster who has a small number of toys is induced to appreciate those he has, to strive to turn them to the best account, and, which is a great point gained, to put forth his ingenuity to devise his own playthings; so that he has undoubtedly a far better chance of growing up fitted for the work of life than if his energies are dissipated and his mind distracted by the many things with which, without the exercise of any forethought, his cravings are satiated.

It is an old proverb, "be not afraid of the man of many books, but of the man of one book—of him be afraid." So many we say, be not afraid of the child of many toys, but of the child of one toy—of it be afraid. With many, it will most likely grow up flashily, versatile, and showy, it may be, but light, selfish, and unstable—a shallow dandy, or a heartless flirt; but with one it will have a better chance of gaining that strength which fits it to fight bravely the battle of life.

"What, would you be so cruel as to deprive the little innocents of their toys, those great charms of their opening existence?" No madam, so far from that, we wish the supply so regulated that they may get the largest amount of profitable pleasure out of what they have. But the question reminds us that, while treating of toys as indicators of character, we have strayed into remarks on their educational power. Let us then notice a little more this important function of theirs. Don't be alarmed. We are not going to inculcate the propriety of making the nursery a disguised school room, and cheating its tenants into serious work, under the delusion that it is play, by giving them toys of the hard, repulsive educational type—medecin made up to look like sugar plums. Far be such an idea from us. Let children be children, given up to childish ways, finding amusement in childish things. Do not seek to rob them of their right to the full gratification of their longing for play—play pure and unadulterated. Old and thoughtful heads look very ugly and very unhealthy in their incongruity on young shoulders. At the same time, we are sure that any who have carefully marked the movements of the youthful mind, and seen how he takes its colour

from its surroundings, cannot doubt that its toys, which are to it so full of interest—oftimes a part, as it were, of its very religion, the object of its implicit faith and love—never fail to exercise a powerful influence for good or evil. Nor would it be less interesting than instructive could we trace the connection which beyond question frequently exists between the spirit which dominates in after-life and the toys which engrossed the faculties while opening to the world. We do not think it possible, or if possible, desirable, to give definite directions as for the due selection of toys. We are sure that all wise and judicious mothers, whose minds are awake to a sense of the importance of the matter, when left to their womanly judgment and discretion, will so choose that their children shall receive a good and not an evil bias from the implements of the playroom.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to the Editor *FAVORITE* and marked "Correspondence."

P. P.—The Cave of Adullam is mentioned in 1 Samuel, c. xxii, v. 1.

Q. Q.—Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister on December 3, 1868.

SYDNEY.—The accepted pronunciation of Greenwich in Kent is Grin-idge.

Q.—The Prince of Wales visited America in the summer and autumn of 1860.

A. Y.—President Lincoln was assassinated in the theatre, Washington, 14th of April, 1865.

A. BRITON.—The amendment of the American Constitution abolishing slavery was passed on the 18th of December, 1865.

CHARLOTTE.—In the Greek mythology, Hyperion was one of the names of the sun, and also of a giant, the youngest of the Titans.

J. J.—Climatic is the term applied to certain periods of a man's life—usually the multiples of seven or nine. The grand climatic is sixty-three.

P. P.—Sir Robert Peel united the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer from December the 26th, 1834, till April the 18th, 1835.

DELTA.—"Kyrie eleison" is a Greek phrase, meaning "Lord have mercy upon us," and is a form of solemn invocation used in the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church.

D. W.—The Prince of Wales is born Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, but his principal title is conferred upon him by letters patent from the Crown, so that he is not born Prince of Wales, but created.

H. H.—To ascertain whether a bed be damp or not, after the bed is warmed, put a glass goblet in between the sheets, and if the bed be damp in a few minutes drops of wet will appear on the inside of the glass.

C. M. I. F. A. would be pleased to correspond with a young gentleman of good position, with a view to matrimony. She is well-educated, tall, handsome, good-tempered, and has a fortune. Her age is twenty-one.

ESTHER.—To Make a good Sherbet.—Take powdered sugar, one pound; carbonate of soda, two ounces; tartaric acid, three ounces; essence of lemon, one drachm. Mix well a teaspoonful of the powder in a tumbler of cold water.

BERTHA.—The Prince Imperial of France was born on the 15th of March, 1856; consequently he is in his seventeenth year. According to the law of France—a law specially made in his favour—he will be of legal age when he is eighteen.

A. STANILAND.—The present Earl of Derby did not sit in the House of Lords as a peer in the lifetime of his late father; but the latter—the renowned "Rupert of Debate"—was made a peer in the lifetime of his father, and took his seat as Baron Stanley, of Stanley in Lancashire.

ANTI-SUPERSTITION.—The stupid fiction that the ruby, by changing its colour occasionally, is a foreteller of misfortune, is an importation from the East—the cradle and nursery of every kind of superstition and fanciful invention. Novel-writers have made abundant use of so convenient a peg on which to hang the inventions of their imagination.

E. B.—A competent knowledge of a ready and facile system of stenography is indispensable to a good reporter. From the computations of experienced shorthand-writers, it appears that a ready and rapid orator in the English language pronounces from 7,000 to 7,500 words in one hour, which his about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second.

Tom D.—The following is the drunkard's cure, as given by a gentleman who declared that it was a sure specific:—Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint-water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm—twice a day. This preparation, he says, acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. It is to be taken in quantities equal to an ordinary dram, and as often as the desire for a dram returns. Any druggist can prepare the prescription.

ANTI-DOGMA.—We can only deal with the historical particulars. Michael Servetus was undoubtedly done to death by Calvin, and through the latter's sole and vindictive instrumentality.

Servetus, a theologian and physician, having embraced the Arian doctrine, he held a correspondence with Calvin on the subject, and many letters passed between them, which only irritated them against each other. The authorship of a book published by Servetus, entitled "Christianism Restored," was discovered by Calvin, who gave information of it to the magistrates of Vienna, by whom Servetus was banished, and his effigy and book burned at the gallows. He then formed a design of going to Naples to practise as a physician; but imprudently passing through Geneva in disguise, he was detected by Calvin, by whose means he was apprehended. Through Calvin also, who acted as informer, prosecutor, and Judge, Servetus was, contrary to law, condemned to be slowly burnt to death, which act of barbarity was carried into effect on the 27th of October, 1553.

NEWS NOTES.

Tweed is very ill.

Sheriff Treadwell is dead.

The Pope's health is precarious.

Sir Samuel Baker is recovering.

The Hoosac tunnel is completed.

The Quebec Legislature met on the 4th.

Kaiser Wilhelm is rapidly failing in health.

A decree of outlawing has been decreed against Riel.

Telegraphic communication was interrupted by the late gale.

The Northern colonization Railway is progressing favorably.

Small-pox has appeared in the New York Foundlings' Hospital.

All the members of the New Dominion Government have been re-elected.

Five hundred and eighty-five immigrants arrived in Toronto during the month of Nov.

Blaine has been re-elected Speaker of the House of Representatives for the third time.

Alex H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, has a seat in Congress.

A terrific gale swept over Lower Canada on the 3rd inst., causing several serious accidents.

The Bazaine trial is revealing strange dereliction of duty on the part of several French officers.

Among the loss on the *Ville du Havre* were Colodion the great French caricaturist and his wife.

The *Ville du Havre* was ran into on the high sea by the *Loch Eann* and over 200 passengers perished.

The birthday of the Princess of Wales, was celebrated at the palaces of Windsor and Sandringham.

The inactivity of the Spanish fleet at Cartagena is owing to doubts of the fidelity of one vessel's crew.

Considerable excitement was created in Havana, on receipt of the news that the home government had yielded to the demands of the United States.

The lumbermen of Ontario hold a meeting at Renfrew on the 16th December, to consider the propriety of petitioning the Ontario Government respecting the contemplated increase of duty on square timber, together with other matters. A general lumbermen's meeting will be held at Ottawa shortly.

"HAPPY NIGHTS" IN PERU.

We have just had one of our usual "noctes buenas" or "happy nights," writes a correspondent from Peru. A special national fast and prayer-day generally closes with one of these evenings, called "noctes buenos," as if to make up for all the rigors of the religious observances. As soon as dusk gathers over the streets and houses, little booths and bazaars, of striped canvas stuff, are hastily erected on poles, all around and in the public squares, and, by the light of torches, all the native eatables, drinkables, and wares are exposed for sale, surrounded by admiring crowds. Here squats a native woman, swarthy of face and limb, and with a bright-colored turban surmounting her black hair. On a fire of sticks and embers of charcoal, glowing-red in an old copper pan, and bubbling in a queer little black pot sitting over the coals, is the strangest conglomeration of messes—peppers and potatoes, cheese, milk, and fish, butter and eggs, and bread-crums, which is sold to the natives who crowd around her, served on tin plates, (being fished out of the pot with a hollow shell) at so much a plateful.

And here are the native liquor-stands, "chicha," "aqua," and "pisco," and "italie" all standing in red brick calabashes, and having a taste similar to peanuts and corn, and pineapples and grapes, and rhubarb. And then the toys—such quaint little dishes, and of such curious construction—little red vases, and kettles and cups all of the same red brick material, and hardly fit far an Indian baby to play with; huge rattles that whir and whiz and sing with a rasping, buzzing sound that sets your ear-drums to aching and causes one to hold his head and escape from that locality as speedily as possible. And every child has a red calabash, and a rattle; and the noise and crying of children, the barking of dogs, and crying of the different wares by their vendors, are positively deafening. And then, to close this "noctes buenos" evening, a Padre addresses the people at the close of the evening in the public square, admonishing them against the sins of drunkenness and gambling, &c., while not one of all the vast native crowd is sufficiently sober to understand his language, and all about his very rostrum gambling-tables and dice and roulette, "trente-un," and faro abounds.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

Our port we make, I jump ashore,
For weeks to walk a watch no more,
And home I push, and at the door
I catch and buss my Nancy;
A jiffy—I am snug at tea,
With Jack and Nan upon my knee;
And am I really home from sea?
Yes, there sits my own Nancy.

How many a time by day, by night,
I'd fancied this before my sight,
All of us in this warm firelight;
And is it real, my Nancy?

Yes, here I see the firelight play
On all I've seen long leagues away;
Now God be thanked for this, I say,
That here I sit with Nancy.

I rub my eyes—what is that shout?
"Up to your watch! come, tumble out!"
And it is but a dream about
My Jack and Nan and Nancy?
Yes, here I'm on my watch alone;
Well, all that in my dream was shown,
Thank God, some hour will be my own,
And I shall be with Nancy!

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The
Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. AGAR'S COLONIAL CLIENT.

Lucius went straight to Mr. Agar's office—a little wedge-shaped box of a place squeezed corner-wise off a larger shop, for space was precious in the Shadreck-road. In this small temple of industry, Mr. Agar professed himself very ready to value property, survey estates, sell by auction, let lands, houses, or apartments, collect rents, and even at a push to undertake the conduct of genteel funerals.

Here Lucius found him—a busy little man, with a bald head, and an ear that had been pushed into high relief by having a pen continually stuck behind it.

"Pray, what can I do for you, sir?" he asked, with his fingers in his order-book, ready to write an order to view any species of property within a ten-mile radius of the Shadreck-road.

"I want to ask you a few questions about a house in which I am interested."

"As an intending tenant, sir, or purchaser?" inquired Mr. Agar, turning round his high stool, and nursing his leg, in an attitude which was at once easy and inviting to confidence.

"Certainly not as a tenant, for the house is let."

"As a purchaser, then?" exclaimed Mr. Agar, stimulated by the vision of five per cent. "Have we—a very grand we—" advertised the property?

"No, Mr. Agar; nor have I any reason to suppose that it is for sale."

"But you think that we might negotiate something—make a speculative offer—eh?" inquired the agent briskly. "My dear sir, in any delicate little matter of that kind, you may rely upon my discretion—and I think I may venture to say, upon my diplomatic powers."

"I want you to answer two or three plain questions, Mr. Agar—that is all. Some years ago you let Cedar House to my friend and patient, Mr. Sivewright."

"Cedar House—dear me, that is really curious; not an attractive property, one would think—no frontage to speak of—house out of repair, and yet—"

"And yet what, Mr. Agar?"

"Let me answer your inquiries first, sir."

"In the first place, then, to whom does the house belong?"

"To two old maiden ladies, who reside in Paris. Their grandfather was a great man in the City—a brassfounder, I believe—and lived at Cedar House in very grand style, but not within the memory of anybody now living. The house has degenerated since his day, but it is still a valuable property. As a public institution, now, it would offer great advantages, or might be made the nucleus of a large fortune to a medical practitioner in the shape of a private lunatic asylum," added the agent, with a sharp glance at Lucius.

"Mr. Agar, I am bound to inform you that I am not on the look-out for a house for the purpose you suggest. But I am very curious to know all about Cedar House. When you let it to Mr. Sivewright, were you aware of a secret staircase, which ascends from an outbuilding at the back to the first floor?"

"And to the attic floor," said the agent.

"What, does it go higher than the first floor?"

"It ascends to one of the rooms on the upper story, sir. A fact you might have discovered for yourself if you had taken the trouble to examine the staircase thoroughly; but it's an abominably crooked and dangerous place, and I don't wonder you left some portion of it unexplored."

"To which of the upper rooms does it ascend?" asked Lucius eagerly.

"To the north-east attic. There is a door at the back of the closet in that room—you'd hardly distinguish it from the rest of the panelling—communicating with that staircase."

"Did Mr. Sivewright know of the staircase when you let the house to him?"

Mr. Agar was silent for a few moments, and rubbed his bald head meditatively.

"Well, no. I doubt if he heard of it; that is to say, I don't remember mentioning it. You see, to the candid mind," continued the agent, taking a high moral tone, "there is something peculiarly repellent in secrecy; even a secret staircase is not a pleasant idea. And the house had acquired a queer reputation in the neighborhood. Noises had been heard—the idle people even pretended to having seen things; in short, the ignorant populace described the house as haunted. Idle boys chalked 'Beware of the ghost' on the garden wall; and when a tenant came forward at last in the person of Mr. Sivewright—a somewhat eccentric old gentleman, as you are no doubt aware, but most upright and honorable in his dealings—was glad to let him the old place at a ridiculously low rent."

"And you did not show him the staircase?"

"No, I certainly didn't show it to him."

"Nor tell him anything about it?"

"I cannot recall having mentioned it."

"Then I think we may take it for granted that he knows nothing about it. By the way, how does the communication work with the room on the first floor—it's a sliding panel, I suppose?"

"Yes there's a bit of moulding on one of the panels that looks rather loose; press that inwards, and the panel slides behind the other part of the wainscot. I don't suppose it works very easily, for it must be a long time since it was used."

"Do you know for what purpose this staircase was originally built?"

"No, sir; that end of the house belongs, I believe, to Henry the Eighth's time. That staircase is built in what was once a great square chimney—the chimney of the old banqueting-hall, in fact; for there was a banqueting-hall in Cedar House in Henry the Eighth's time, though there's nothing left of it now; that end is clean gone, except the said chimney. I got an architect to look over the place once for the Miss Chadwicks, my clients, with a view to repair—but the reparations mounted up so, that when the elder Miss Chadwick got the specification she wrote and told me she and her sister would sooner have the place pulled down at once, and sold for building materials, than lay out such a lot of money; for they are rather close, are the Miss Chadwicks. The architect didn't seem to think that old chimney over safe either, on account of their having pulled down the hall, and took away its supports, in a measure. 'But it'll last our time, I dare say,' says he; 'and if it falls it's bound to fall outwards, where it can't hurt anybody.' For, as I dare say you are aware, there's only a bit of waste ground—a cat-walk, as you may say—on that side of the house."

"Rather a hazardous condition though for a house to be left in," said Lucius, thinking that this would give him a new incentive to find a better home for Lucile speedily. "Then you don't know why that staircase was built, nor who built it?"

"Well, no, sir; I can't say I do. I've only wondered about it. You see, the staircase may not have been a secret one in the first instance, but may have been converted to a means of escape in the troublesome times that came later. There is no allusion to it in any of the deeds belonging to the house."

"You spoke just now of my inquiry being curious," said Lucius after a pause; "why was that?"

"I thought it rather strange that you should make an inquiry about Cedar House, because some six weeks ago I had another gentleman here who made the same inquiry."

"About the staircase?"

"No, he didn't inquire about the staircase. I told him about that afterwards, in the course of conversation, and he seemed struck by the fact. We had a good bit of talk together, first and last, for he was a very free and open kind of a gentleman, and had just come from Australia or America, I really forget which, and he insisted on standing a bottle of champagne—a thing I shouldn't have cared to partake of in the middle of the day, if he hadn't been so pressing."

"What kind of a man was he?" asked Lucius, burning with impatience.

"Well, a good-looking fellow enough, but rather peculiar-looking with it. Tall and thin, with a sallow complexion, and the blackest eyes and hair I ever saw in a European. The hair grew in a little peak on his forehead, such as I've heard some facetious folks call a widower's peak. It was rather noticeable."

"The man," muttered Lucius.

"Do you know the gentleman, sir?"

"Yes, I think he is a person I know. And pray what inquiries did he make about the house?"

"More than I can remember," answered the agent; "there never was such a gentleman for asking questions, and so business-like too. He made me take a sheet of paper and sketch him out a plan of the house in pencil—how all the rooms lay, and the passages and stairs, and so on. That's how we came to speak of the private staircase. He seemed quite taken aback by the notion. It might be handy, he said, and work into something that he wanted."

"What motive did he state for these inquiries?"

"They were made with a view to making an offer for the property, which I had reason to

think my clients, the Miss Chadwicks, would be not unwilling to part with. The gentleman is trying to get a patent for an invention of his, which will make his fortune when carried out, he says, and he wants good roomy premises within an easy distance of the docks. A thorough man of business, I can assure you, though only just returned from abroad," added Mr. Agar, as if England were the only country in which business was properly understood.

"Has this gentleman made any attempt to forward the transaction?" asked Lucius. "Have you ever seen him since the day when he treated you to champagne?"

"Treated is hardly the word, sir!" said Mr. Agar with dignity. "The gentleman stood a bottle of Peeler Jewitt. It was as much for his pleasure as for mine."

"I have no doubt of that, Mr. Agar. But have you seen any more of this agreeable gentleman?"

"No, sir, he hasn't been in here since. I fancy there's some difficulty about the patent. It isn't easy to hurry things where you've got to deal with Government offices. But I expect to hear from him before very long. He was quite the gentleman."

"I doubt if you will ever see him again, Mr. Agar, gentleman or not; if he be the man I take him for."

"Indeed, sir. Do you know anything to the gentleman's disadvantage?"

"Only that he is a most consummate villain."

"Good gracious me, sir. That's a sweeping charge."

"It is, Mr. Agar; and I am unable just now to substantiate it. I can only thank you for the information you have kindly given me, and wish you good morning."

He left the little office, glad to be in the open air again to have room to breathe, and to be able to contemplate this new aspect of affairs alone.

"He is here then, and henceforward it must be a hand-to-hand fight between us two."

CHAPTER XIX.

LUCILLE'S CONFESSION.

One of Lucius Davoren's first thoughts, after that interview with the house-agent, was of his sister Janet and of Geoffrey Hossack. The discovery, which lifted a load from his conscience, changed the aspect of Geoffrey's fortunes. The man who had married Janet still lived, and whether the marriage were legal or not—a fact difficult of ascertainment in a life so full of double-dealing—Janet would doubtless count herself bound to him. She had told Lucius, when they met at Stillmington, that she did so consider herself; and he knew that calm proud nature too well not to know that she would be firm, whatever sorrow to herself were involved in such constancy.

Lucius lost no time in writing to Geoffrey, at the Cosmopolitan, the only safe address for that nomadic gentleman. He knew that the people at the Cosmopolitan were generally acquainted with Mr. Hossack's whereabouts, and had instructions to forward his letters.

Lucius wrote briefly thus:

"Dear Geoffrey,—The last week has been full of discoveries. I have seen Absolom Schanck, and learned from him that I am guiltless of that scoundrel's blood—a surprise which has infinitely relieved my mind, but which has also given me new cause for uneasiness. To you, poor old Geoff, I fear it will be a disappointment to learn that Janet's husband is still in the land of the living; but I hope that this knowledge may have a beneficial effect, and help to cure you of a foolish passion, which I told you from the first was hopeless. Would to heaven, for your sake and Janet's, that it were otherwise! But Fate is stronger than man. And, after all, there are plenty of charming women in the world, who would be proud to call Geoffrey Hossack husband."

"I try to write lightly, but I am full of anxiety. This man's existence means peril for those I love, and I know not what shape the danger may assume. Let me hear of you soon.—Ever yours,

"LUCIUS DAVOREN."

Ferdinand Sivewright's existence meant peril for his old father and for the innocent girl who believed herself to be his daughter. Of that fact Lucius had no doubt, and the one question was how to meet the danger. That the old house was now securely defended, he felt tolerably sure—as sure as one could be about a rambling old place which was all doors and windows, and for aught he knew might still be approachable by some hidden way that had escaped his ken.

The great point now would be to prove to Lucille that this man had no claim upon her; that no tie bound her to him, not even the duty of common gratitude for any kindness shown to her in her childhood, since he had made her existence an excuse for extorting money from her father. He, Lucius, must show her that the fancy which her girlish heart had cherished—the fond belief in this father's love—was more baseless than the dreams of fever, wilder than the fancies of madness. How would he prove this to her? He might show her those letters. But would the evidence of the letters be strong enough to dispel so deep-rooted a belief, so long cherished a fancy?

No, Lucius told himself. The letters, which told their story plainly enough for him, might fail to convince Lucille.

"I must have some stronger proof than the letters," he thought.

How to obtain that proof, how to begin the

search that was to end in the discovery of Lu-

cille's parentage, was the question which now absorbed all his thoughts. He had made up his mind to seek no assistance in this difficult task. Whatever blunders he might make, however awkwardly he might transact a business so foreign to the bent of his life, he would do this work for himself, and succeed or fail unaided.

"If there is a stain upon her birth, no one but I shall discover it," he said to himself.

Homer Sivewright had read those letters as relating to a secret marriage, yet their wording might be taken to indicate less honourable relations perhaps. It was just possible that Lucius might be so fortunate as to find some of these people still resident in the same city. The date of the letters was only fourteen years ago and in some slow tranquil lives fourteen years make but little difference. The hair grows a shade grayer; the favourite old dog or the familiar household cat dies, and is replaced by a younger and less cherished animal; the ancient asthmatic canary is found dead in his cage; the old Sunday silk gown, which has been worn with honour for a decade, is converted into a petticoat; the old husband takes to stronger spectacles, and shortens his constitutional walk by the length of a couple of streets; the old wife dies perhaps, and is buried and feebly mourned for a little while; and with such faint ripples of change the slow dull river glides on to the eternal ocean.

Lucius was hopeful that, in a quiet by-street in the city of Rouen, he might find things very much as they had been fourteen years ago. He made up his mind to start for that city on the following night. A train leaving London Bridge at dusk would take him to Newhaven; he would reach Dieppe by six o'clock next morning, and Rouen by breakfast time. Once there he knew not how long his researches might detain him; but he could so arrange his affairs, with the help of a good-natured brother-medico in the Shadreck district, as to absent himself for a few days without inconvenience to his numerous patients.

That one dear patient whose safety was so near to his heart was now out of danger. The fever was past, and the only symptom which now gave him cause for anxiety was a deep melancholy, as of a mind overburdened with care, or troubled by the oppression of some painful event.

"Could I but dare to speak openly I might dispel some of those apprehensions which now disturb her," thought Lucius; "but I cannot venture to do that until she is better able to bear the shock of a great surprise, and until I am able to confirm my statements."

Lucille was now well enough to come down to the old wainscoted parlour, where her lover had first seen her on that dark winter's night which, when looked back upon, seemed like the beginning of a new life. Mr. Sivewright still kept his room, but had improved considerably, and had relented toward Mrs. Milderson, whom he graciously allowed to minister to his wants, and would even permit to discourse to him occasionally of the domestic annals of those lady patients into whose family circles she was from time to time admitted. He would make no farther protest than an impatient sniff when the worthy nurse stood for a quarter of an hour, cup-and saucer in hand, relating, with aggravating precision of date and amplitude of detail, the little differences between Mr. Binks the chandler and his good lady on the subject of washing-days, or the "stand-further" between Mrs. Binks and "the girl."

Under the gentle sway of Mrs. Milderson, who was really an honest and sober specimen of her race, demanding only a moderate supply of those creature-comforts which the Gamb tribe are apt to require, life had gone very smoothly at Cedar House. Mrs. Magsby took charge of the lower part of the premises and her own baby (which seemed to absorb the greater part of her attention), and was altogether a mild and harmless person. Mr. Magsby, as guardian of the house, did nothing particular but walk about with a somewhat drowsy air, and smoke his pipe in open doorways, looking up at the sky, and enunciating speculative prophecies about the weather, which, as he never went out of doors, could have been of very little consequence to him.

Thus administered, what citadel could seem more secure than Cedar House? Lucius, after thinking of the subject from every possible point of view, decided that he could run no hazard in absenting himself for a few days. He went at the usual hour that afternoon, when his day's work was done. Lucille seemed a little brighter and happier than she had been of late, and the change cheered him.

"My darling," he said fondly, as he looked down at the pale face, which had lost some of its careworn expression, "you have almost your old tranquil look—that calm sweet face which came upon me like a surprise one dark November night, nearly a year ago, when yonder door opened, and you came in, carrying a little tray."

"How well you remember things, Lucius! Yes, I have been happier to-day. I have been sitting with grandpapa, and he really seems much better. You do think him improved, don't you, Lucius?"

"Our new home—yes," said the girl, looking round her with a perceptible shudder, "I shall be glad to leave this dull old house some day. It is full of horrible thoughts. But now that I am well again, I can take care of grandpapa."

"Not quite well yet, Lucille; you want care yourself."

"I should think she do, indeed," said Mrs. Milderson, who came in with the tea-tray, having discreetly allowed the lovers time for greeting; "and care she shall have, and her beef-tea regular, and no liberties took, which invalids' mistake is always to think they're well ever so long before they are. There was Mrs. Binks, only the other day, down in the shop serving the Saturday-night customers, which is no better than Injun American savages in the impatience of their ways, before that blessed baby was three weeks old."

"I think I can rely upon you to take care of both my patients, nurse, while I am away for a few days."

"You are going away, Lucius?" said Lucille anxiously.

"Yes, dear; but for two or three days only. I think I may venture to leave you in Mrs. Milderson's care for that time."

"I should hope you could, sir," exclaimed that matron, "after having had two years' experience of me in all capacities—and even the old gentleman upstairs, which was inclined to be grumpy and stand-offish at first, having took to me as he has."

"I shall be quite safe, Lucius, but I shall miss you very much."

"It shall be only for a few days, dearest. Nothing but important business would tempt me away from you even for that time."

"Important business, Lucius! What can that be? Is it another visit to that tiresome friend of yours, Mr. Hossack?"

"No, dear, it is something which concerns our own future—something which I hope may bring you a new happiness. If I succeed in what I am going to attempt, you shall know all about it, and quickly. If I fail—"

"What then, Lucius?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"Better that you should never know anything, darling, for then you can feel no disappointment."

"O!" said Lucille, with a little sigh of resignation. "I suppose it is something connected with your professional career, some ambitious project which is to make me very proud of you if you succeed in it. Are you going very far?"

"To Rouen."

"Rouen!" cried Lucille; "Rouen in France?" with as much astonishment as if he had said the centre of Africa.

"To Rouen, in France," he answered gaily, with assumed gaiety; for it pained him even to leave her for so brief a span."

"What can take you to France?"

"Simply that ambitious project you spoke of just now. My dearest girl, you look as distressed as if I were going to Australia, when my journey is only a question of three or four days. I shall leave London to-morrow evening, and be in Rouen before noon next day. A day, or at most two days, will, I trust, accomplish my business there. I shall travel at night both ways, so as to save time; and on the fourth day I hope to be back in this dear old parlour drinking tea with you and nurse."

"Of course!" exclaimed Mrs. Milderson, as if she had known all about it from the very beginning. "Do you suppose Dr. Davoren would go wasting of his precious time in France or anywhere else, with all his patients fretting and worring about him—and left to the mercy of a strange doctor, which don't know the ins and outs of their cases, and the little peculiarities of their constitutions, no more than a baby?"

After tea Mrs. Milderson retired with the tray, and was absent for some time in attendance on Mr. Sivewright, who took his light repast of dry toast and tea also at this hour. Thus Lucius and Lucille were alone together for a little while. They stood side by side at the open window, which commanded no wider prospect than the bare courtyard or garden, where a few weakly chrysanthemums languished in a neglected bed, and two or three feeble sycamores invited the dust, while one ancient poplar, whose branches had grown thin and ragged with age, straggled up towards the calm evening sky. A high wall bounded this barren domain and shut out the world beyond it.

"We must go up to grandpapa presently," said Lucille; "he likes us to sit with him for an hour or two in the evening now that he is so much better."

"Yes, dear, we will go; but before we go I want to ask you about something that has often set me wondering, yet which in all our talk we have spoken of very little."

"What is that, Lucius?"

"About your earliest memories of childhood, Lucille. The time before you lived in Bond-street with your grandfathers."

To his surprise and distress she turned from him suddenly, and burst into tears.

"My darling, I did not mean to grieve you!" he exclaimed.

"Then never speak to me again of my childhood, Lucius," she said with sorrowful earnestness. "It is a subject I can never speak of without grief. Never again, if you wish me to be happy, mention the name of father."

"What?" said Lucius; "then that dream is over?"

"It is," answered Lucille, in a heartbroken voice, "and the awakening has been most bitter."

"Thank Heaven that awakening has come, Lucille—even at the cost of pain to your true and tender heart," replied her lover earnestly. "My dearest, I am not going to torture you with questions. The mystery of these last few weeks has been slowly growing clear to me. There has been a great peril hanging over us; but I believe and hope that it is past. Of your innocent share in bringing that danger beneath this roof, I will say not a word."

"What, you know, Lucius?" she said with a perplexed look.

"I know, or can guess, all, Lucille. How your too faithful affection has been traded upon by a villain."

"O, do not speak of him!" she cried. "Remember, however dark his guilt may be, I once loved him—once, and O, so long, believed in him; hoped that he was only unfortunate, and not wicked; clung to the thought that he was the victim of circumstances. Lucius, have some pity upon me. Since that night when you first spoke of your deadly fear—first suggested that some one was trying to poison my poor old grandfather—I have lived in a horrible dream. Nothing has seemed clear to me. Life has been all terror and confusion. Tell me once for all, is it true that some one tried to poison him—is it true?"

Words failed her. She stopped, stifled by sobs.

"Lucille, do not speak of these things," said Lucius, drawing the too fragile form to his breast, smoothing the loose hair on the pale forehead. "Is it not enough to know that the danger is past? The fatal blindness—the fatal delusion which made you cling to the memory of a bad man—has been dispelled. You will never admit Ferdinand Sivewright to this house again."

He looked at the pale face resting on his shoulder as he made this straight assertion. There was no indignant denial, not even surprise in the look of those plaintive eyes which were slowly lifted to meet his own—a beseeching look as of one who asked forgiveness for a great wrong.

"I have been more than foolish," she said, with a shudder, as if at some terrible memory. "I have been very wicked. If my grandfather had died, I should have been an unconscious accomplice in his murder. But he is my father; and when he came to me, after all these years of separation, shelterless, hopeless, only pleading for a refuge, and the opportunity to win his father's pardon—O Lucius, I can never tell you how he pleaded, by the memory of his old love for me—"

"His love for you! I trust you may soon know, dearest, what that love was worth."

"Heaven grant I may never see his face or hear his name again, Lucius. The memory of him is all horror."

"You shall not be troubled by him any more if I can help it," answered her lover tenderly. "But you will never again keep a secret from me, will you, dearest?"

"Never, Lucius. I have suffered too much from this one sin against your love. But if you knew how he pleaded, you would forgive me. You would not even wonder that I was so weak. Think, Lucius; a repentant son pleading for admission to his father's house, without a roof to cover him, and longing for a reconciliation with the father he had offended."

"My poor confiding child, you were made the dupe of a villain. Tell me no more than you like to tell; but if it is any relief to you, speak—"

"It is, Lucius. Yes, it is a relief to trust you. I thought I never could have told you. The burden of this dreadful secret has weighed down my heart. I dared not tell you. I thought you would bitterly reproach me for having kept such a secret from you, and then it is such pain to speak of him—now—now that I know he was never worthy of my love. But you are so kind, and it will relieve my mind to tell you all."

"Speak freely then, darling, and fear no reproaches from me."

"It was while you were away at Stillington, Lucius, that this secret first began. I was in the garden alone, at dusk one evening."

Lucius remembered what Mrs. Wincher had told him about Lucille coming in from the garden with a pale horror-stricken face, and saying that she had seen a ghost.

"I was low-spirited because of your absence, and a little nervous. The place seemed so dull and lonely. All the common sounds of the day were over, and there was something oppressive in the silence, and the hot smoky atmosphere, and the dim gray sky. I was standing in the old summer-house, looking at the creek, and thinking of you, and trying to have happy thoughts about brighter days to come—only the happy thoughts would not stay with me—when I saw a man come from the wharf on the other side of the water, and step lightly from barge to barge. I was frightened, for the man had a strange look somehow, and was oddly dressed, buttoned to the neck in a shabby greatcoat, and with his face overshadowed by a felt hat that was slouched over his forehead. He came so quickly that I had hardly time to think before he had got upon the low garden wall, and dropped down close to the summer-house. I think I gave a little scream just then, for he came in, and put his hand across my lips. Not roughly, but so as to prevent my calling out."

"Lucille," he said, "don't you know me? Am I so changed that my dear little daughter, who loved me so once, doesn't know me?" The voice was like the memory of a dream. I had not an instant's doubt. All fear vanished in that great joy. The sad sweet thought of the past came back to me. The firelit parlour were

I had sat at his feet—that strange wild music—his voice—his face—he had taken off his hat now, and was looking down at me with those dark bright eyes. I remembered him as well as if he had been only parted a few days."

"And was there nothing in his presence—in the tone of his voice, the expression of his face—from which your better instinct recoiled? Had nature no warning for you? Did you not feel that there was something of the serpent's charm in the influence which this man had exercised over you?"

Lucille was silent for a few moments, looking thoughtfully downwards, as if questioning her own memory.

"I can scarcely tell you what I felt in that moment," she said. "Joy was uppermost in my mind. How could I feel otherwise than happy in the return of the father I had mourned as dead? Then came pity for him. His worn haggard face—his thread-bare clothes—spoke of struggle and hardship. He told me very briefly the story of a life that had been one long failure, and how he found himself at this hour newly returned from America, and cast penniless and shelterless upon the stones of the London streets. 'If you can't give me a hole to lie in somewhere in that big house, I must go out and try to get lodged in the workhouse, or steal a loaf and get rather better fare in a gaol.' That was what he said, Lucius. He told me what difficulties he had encountered in his search after me. 'My heart yearned for you, Lucille,' he said; 'it was the thought of you and of the poor old father that brought me back from America.'

"And no instinct warned you that this man was lying?"

"O no, no; I had no such thought as that," answered Lucille quickly. "Yet I confess," she went on more deliberately, "there was a vague feeling of disappointment in my mind. This long-lost father, so unexpectedly restored to me, did not seem quite all that I had dreamed him; there was something wanting to make my joy perfect—there was a doubt or a fear in my mind which took no definite shape. I only felt that my father's return did not make me so happy as it ought to have done."

"Did he see this, do you think?"

"I don't know. But when I hesitated about admitting him to the house—unknown to my grandfather—he reproached me for my want of natural affection. 'The world is alike all over,' he said; 'and even a daughter has no welcome for a pauper; though he comes three thousand miles to look at the girl who used to sit on his knee and put her soft little arms round his neck, and vow she loved him better than any one else in the world.' I told him how cruel this accusation was, and how I had remembered him and loved him all through these long years, and how the dearest wish of my heart had been for such a meeting as this. But I said that I did not like to keep his return a secret from his father, and I begged him to let me take him straight to my grandfather, and to trust to a father's natural affection for forgiveness of all that had severed them in the past. My father greeted this suggestion with scornful laughter. 'Natural affection!' he exclaimed. 'Did he show much natural affection when he turned me out of doors? Did he show natural affection to my mother when his cruelty drove her out of his house? Has he ever spoken of me with natural affection during the last ten years? Answer me that, Lucille! What answer could I give him, Lucius? You know how my grandfather has always spoken of his only son."

"Yes, dear; and I know what your grandfather's affection concealed from you—the shameful cause of that severance between father and son."

"I could give him no hopeful answer. 'I see,' he said, 'there has been no relenting. Homer Sivewright is made of iron. Come, child, all I want is a shelter. Am I to have it here or in the workhouse, or, in fault of that, the gaol? If I sleep in the street another night I shall be in for a rheumatic fever. I've had all manner of aches and pains in my bones for some days past.' 'You shall not sleep in the streets,' I said, 'while I have power to give you shelter.' I thought of all those empty rooms on the top floor. I had the key of the staircase always in my own charge, and thought it would be easy enough to keep any one up there for weeks, and months even, without my grandfather or the Winchers ever knowing anything about it. Or if the worst come to the worst, I thought I might venture to trust the Winchers with the secret. 'Have you made up your mind?' asked my father impatiently. 'Yes, papa,' I said—and the old name came back so naturally—"I have made up my mind.' I told him he must wait a little, till Mr. and Mrs. Wincher were safely out of the way, and then I would take him into the house, unless he would make up his mind to trust the Winchers with his secret. 'I will trust not a living creature but yourself,' he said; 'and if you tell any one a word about me, I shall have done with you for ever. I come back to my father's house as an outcast and a reprobate. Fathers don't kill their fatted calves nowadays for prodigal sons. I want no one's help, I want no one's pity but yours, Lucille, for I believe you are the only creature in this world who loves me.' This touched me to the heart. What could I refuse him after that? I told him to wait in the summer-house till all was safe, and that I would come for him as soon as I could venture to do so. I went in and went straight up-stairs to the attics, where I dragged that old bedstead into the most comfortable room, and carried up blankets from downstairs. I lighted a fire, for the room felt damp, and made all as decent as

I could. By the time I had done this, the Winchers had gone to bed; and I unbolted the door of the brewery as quietly as I could—but it is a long way from the room where they used to sleep, as you know, so there was very little fear of their hearing me—and went to the summer-house to fetch my father. We crept slowly past the Winchers' room and up the stairs, for I was afraid of grandpapa's quick ear, even at that hour. When I showed my father the room I had chosen for him, he objected to it, and asked to see the other rooms on this floor, which I had told him were entirely unoccupied. He selected the room at the north end of the house."

"Of course," thought Lucius; "he had been informed about the secret staircase!"

"I told him that this room was exactly over my grandfather's, and that he couldn't make a worse choice if he didn't want to be heard. 'I'll take care,' he said; 'I can walk as softly as a cat when I like. The other rooms are all damp.' He carried the bedstead, an old table and chair into this room, lit a fire, taking great care to make no noise, and made himself tolerably comfortable, while I went down-stairs to get what provisions I could out of our scantily furnished larder. After this he came and went as he liked; sometimes he would sleep away whole days, sometimes he would be absent three or four days at a time. I had to let him out at night or let him in, just as he pleased; sometimes I sat up all night waiting for him. When he was away I had to keep a candle burning in one of the back windows on the top floor, to show that all was safe if he wanted to return. I cannot tell you the anxiety I suffered all through this time. The power of sleep seemed to leave me altogether. Even when I did not expect my father's return, I was always listening for his signal—a handful of gravel thrown up against the window of my room. I knew that I was doing wrong, and yet could not feel sorry that I had granted his request. It seemed such a small thing to give my father an empty garret in this great desolate house. So things went on till the day when you and I were in the loft together; and when you saw the door of my father's room opened and shut. You can guess what I suffered then, Lucius."

"Poor child, poor child!" he murmured tenderly.

"And then came the day when you—No, I can't speak of it any more, Lucius. All that followed that time is too dreadful. I woke up to the knowledge that my father had tried to murder—" The words came slowly, stifled with sobs, and once more Lucille broke down altogether.

"Not another word, darling," cried her lover. "You have no reason to reproach yourself. When you admitted Ferdinand Sivewright to this house, you only obeyed the natural impulse of a woman's tender heart. Had the most fatal result followed that man's baneful presence no blame could have attached to you; and now, dearest, listen to me. Brief as my absence will be, I don't mean to leave you here while I am away. You have had enough of this house for the present. This faithful heart has been too much tried—this active brain too severely tasked. As your medical adviser, I order change of air and scene. As your future husband, I insist upon being obeyed."

"Leave poor grandpapa! Impossible, Lucius."

"Poor grandpapa shall be reconciled to your departure. He is going on very well, and is in excellent hands. Nurse Milderson is as true as steel. Besides, you are not going to be absent long, Lucille. I shall take you away to-morrow morning, and bring you back again, God willing, a week hence."

"Take me away! Where, Lucius?"

"To my sister Janet."

He had spoken of this sister to his betrothed of late; rarely, but with a quiet affection which Lucille knew to be deep.

The pale face flushed with a bright happy look at this suggestion.

"I am to go to see your sister, Lucius!" she cried. "I should like that of all things."

"I thought so, darling. Janet is staying in a little rustic village in my part of the country. I had a letter from her a week ago, telling me of her change of residence. She is with an old woman who was our nurse when we were little ones; so if you want to hear what an ill-conditioned refractory imp Master Lucius Davoren was in an early stage of his existence, you may receive the information from the fountain-head."

Lucille smiled through the tears that were hardly dry yet. Everything relating to lovers is interesting—to themselves.

"I daresay you were a very good boy, Lucius," she said, "and that your old nurse will do nothing but praise you. I shall be so pleased to see your sister, and the place where you were born—if grandpapa will only let me go."

"I'll get his permission, dearest. Be assured of that."

"And do you think your sister will like me—a little? I know I shall love her."

"The love will be mutual, depend upon it darling. And now I think I'd better go up-stairs to Mr. Sivewright and talk to him about your holiday."

"My holiday!" cried Lucille. "How strange that sounds! I have not spent a day away from this house since I came home from school three years ago."

"No wonder such imprisonment has paled my fair young blossom," said her lover tenderly. "Hampshire breezes will bring back the roses to my darling's cheeks."

He left her to propose this somewhat daring scheme to Mr. Sivewright, over whom he felt he had acquired some slight influence. In all his

talk with Lucille to-night—which had taken a turn he had in no manner anticipated—he had not asked those questions he meant to ask about her life before the Bond-street period. It did not very much matter, he thought. Those questions could stand over till to-morrow. But before he started for Rouen he wanted to fortify his case with all the information Lucille's memory could afford him.

"And the recollections of earliest childhood are sometimes very clear," he said to himself, as he went up the dark staircase to his interview with Homer Sivewright.

The old man granted his request more readily than he had expected. Lucille's illness had served as a rousing shock for the selfishness of age. He had awakened suddenly to the reflection that this gentle girl, who had ministered to him with such patience and tenderness, and had received such small recompense for her love, was very necessary to his comfort, and that even his dim grey life would be darkened, were relentless Death to snatch her away, leaving him to end his journey alone. He had hitherto thought of her as young and strong, and in a manner warranted to live and thrive even under the least favorable circumstances. His eyes were opened now. The change which illness had wrought in her had impressed him painfully. For once in his life he felt the sharp sting of self-reproach.

"Yes, let her go by all means," he said, when Lucille had told him his plan. "I daresay your sister's a very nice person, and of course Lucille ought to make the acquaintance of your relations. She has need of friends, poor child, for it would be difficult to find any one more alone in the world than she is. Yes, let her go. But you'll not keep her away long, eh, Davoren? I shall miss her sorely. I never knew that her absence could make much difference in my life, seeing how little sympathy there is between us, until the other day when she was ill."

"She shall not be away from you more than a week," answered Lucille. "She was strongly opposed to the idea of leaving you at all, and only yielded to my insistence."

He then proceeded to inform Mr. Sivewright of his intended journey to Rouen. The old man seemed more than doubtful of success; but did not endeavor to throw cold water on the scheme.

"It's a tangled skein," he said; "if you can straighten it you'll do a clever thing. I should certainly like to know the history of that child's birth; yet it will cost me a pang if I find there is no blood of mine in her veins."

Thus they parted, Homer Sivewright perfectly reconciled to the idea of being left to the care of Mrs. Milderson and the Magsbys. Lucille felt that justice demanded that Mr. and Mrs. Wincher should be speedily reinstated, and all stain removed from their escutcheon. Yet, ere he could do this, he must tell Mr. Sivewright the true story of the robbery, and of his son's existence; a story which would be difficult for Lucille to tell, and which might occasion more agitation than the old man, in his present condition, might be able to bear.

"Let time and care complete his cure," thought Lucille, "and then I will tell him all."

He arranged the hour of starting with Lucille, after due consultation of the South-Western time-table, which Mrs. Magsby fetched for him from the nearest stationer's. There was a train from Waterloo at a quarter-past nine.

"I shall come for you in a cab at a quarter-past eight," said Lucille decisively.

"Bless your dear hearts!" exclaimed Mrs. Milderson, in a burst of enthusiasm. "It seems for all the world as if you was a-planning of your honeymoon; and I do think as how a fortnight in a quiet place in the country, where you can get your new potatoes and summer cabbages fresh out of the garden, and a new-laid egg and a drop of rich cream for your breakfasts, is better than all your rubbings 'To Paris and back for five pounds,' which Mrs. Binks went when she and Binks was married, and was that ill with the cookery at the cheap restorers—everything fried in lye, and pea-soup that stodgy you could cut it with a knife, and cold sparrow-grass with lye and vinegar—and the smells of them drains, as if everybody in the place had been emptying cabbage-water, as her life was a burden to her."

"We're not quite ready for our honeymoon yet, nurse," answered Lucille; "But depend upon it, when the happy time does come, we won't patronize Paris and the cheap restaurants. We'll find some tranquil corner in this busy world, almost as remote from the foot of man as the mountains of the moon."

Mrs. Milderson charged herself with the responsibility of packing Lucille's portmanteau that night, though the girl declared herself quite equal to the task.

"I won't have you worritin' and stoopin' over boxes and pulling out drawers," said the nurse; "everythink shall be ready to the moment; and if I forget so much as a hairpin, you may say the unkindest things you can to me when you come back."

Having settled everything entirely to his own satisfaction, Lucille departed, after a tender fare-well which was to last only till to-morrow. He looked forward to this first journey with his betrothed with an almost childish delight. Only two or three hours' swift transit through green fields, and past narrow patches of woodland, chalky hills, rustic villages, nameless streams winding between willow-shaded banks, white high-roads leading heaven knows where; but, with Lucille, such a journey would be two or three hours in paradise. And then what a joy to bring those two together—those two women

whom alone, of all earth's womankind, he fondly loved!

The clocks were striking ten as he left Cedar House, after impressing upon Lucille the necessity for a long night's rest. His homeward way would take him very near that humble alley in which Mr. and Mrs. Wincher had found a shelter for their troubles. He remembered this, and resolved to pay them a visit to-night, late as it was, in order to tell Mr. Wincher that he stood acquitted of any wrong against his master.

"I was quick enough to suspect and to accuse them," thought Lucille; "let me be as quick to acknowledge my error."

Crown-and-Anchor-court was still astir when Lucille entered its modest shades. It was the hour of supper beer, and small girls in pinny-fores, who, from a sanitary point of view, ought to have been in bed hours before, were trotting to and fro with large crockery-ware jugs, various in color and design, but bearing a family likeness in dilapidation, not one being intact as to spout and handle. There were farther indications of the evening meal in an appetizing odor of fried onions, a floating aroma of bloaters, faint breathings of stewed tripe, and even whispers of pork-chops. The day may have gone ill with the Crown-and-Anchorites, and dinners may have run short, but the heads of the household made it up at night with some toothsome dish when the children—except always the useful errand-going eldest daughter—were snug in bed, and there were fewer mouths to be filled with the choice morsel.

A light twinkled in Mr. Wincher's parlor, but he and his good lady had sought no consolation from creature-comforts. A fragment of hardest Dutch cheese and the heel of a stale half-quartet alone adorned their melancholy board. Mrs. Wincher sat with her elbows on the table, in a contemplative mood; Mr. Wincher came to the door chumping his dry fare industriously.

"My good people," said Lucille, coming straight to the point, "I have come to beg your forgiveness for a great wrong. I have only this night discovered the actual truth."

"You have found the property, sir?" cried Mr. Wincher, trembling a little from very joy, and making a sudden bolt of his unsavoury mouthful.

Mrs. Wincher gave a shrill scream, followed by a shriller laugh, indicative of that most troublesome of feminine ailments, hysteria. Lucille knew the symptoms but too well. His lady-patients in the Shadrack-road were, as a rule, hysterical. They "went off," as they called it, on smallest provocation. Their joys and sorrows expressed themselves in hysteria; their quarrels ended in hysteria; they were hysterical at weddings, and funerals; and they prided themselves on the weakness.

After having tried all remedies suggested by the highest authorities upon this particular form of disease, Lucille had found that the most efficacious treatment was one ignored by the faculty. This simple mode of cure was to take no notice of the patient. He took no notice of Mrs. Wincher's premonitory symptoms; and instead of "going off," that lady "came to."

"No, Mr. Wincher," he said, in answer to the old man's eager question, "the property has not been recovered—never will be, I should think; but I am tolerably satisfied as to the thief, and I know you are not the man."

"Thank God, sir—thank God!" cried Mr. Wincher devoutly. "I am very thankful. I couldn't have died easy while you and my old master thought me a thief and a liar."

The tears rolled down Mr. Wincher's wrinkled cheek. He dropped feebly into his chair, and wiped those joyful tears with a corner of the threadbare tablecloth.

"I wouldn't be so wanting to my own self in proper pride, Wincher," said his wife, who was not disposed to forgive Lucille at a moment's warning. Had she not liked and praised him and smiled benignantly on his wooing, and had he not turned upon her like the scorpion? "We had the consciousness of our own innocence to support us, and with that I could have gone to Newgate without blushing. It's all very well to come here, Dr. Davorey, and demean yourself by astin' our pardings; but you can't make up to us for the suffering we've gone through along of your unjust suspicions," added Mrs. Wincher, somewhat inconsistently.

Lucille expressed his regret with supreme humanity.

"If ever I am a rich man," he said, "I will try to atone for my mistake in some more substantial manner. In the mean time you must accept this trifle as a proof of my sincerity."

He pressed a five-pound note upon Mr. Wincher—a poor solatium for the wrong done, but a large sum for the parish doctor to give away, on the eve of an undertaking which was likely to be expensive.

"No, sir—not a farthing," said Mr. Wincher resolutely. "You offered me money before, and it was kindly done, for you thought me a scoundrel, and you didn't want even a scoundrel to starve. I appreciate the kindness of your offer to-night, but I won't take a farthing. We shall rub on somehow, I make no doubt, though the world does seem a little overcrowded. You've acknowledged the wrong you did me, Mr. Davorey, and that's more than enough."

Lucille pressed the money upon him, but in vain.

"Do you find life so prosperous and wort so plentiful that you refuse a friendly offer," he asked at last.

"Well, not exactly, sir," replied Mr. Wincher with a sigh. "I do get an old job now and then, it's true, but the now and then are very far apart."

"And you find it hard to pay the rent of this

room and live without trenching on your little fund?"

"Sir, our savings are melting day by day; but we are old; and, after all, better people than we are have had to end their days in a workhouse. There's no reproach in such an end if one has worked one's hardest all the days of one's life."

"You shall not be reduced to the workhouse if I can help it, Mr. Wincher," said Lucille heartily. "If you are too proud to take money from me—"

"No, sir, not too proud; it isn't pride, but principle."

"If you won't take my money, Mr. Wincher, I must try to find you a home. Come and live with me. My housekeeper has given me a good deal of trouble lately; in fact, I'm afraid she's not so temperate in her habits as she ought to be, and I sha'n't be sorry to get rid of her. I am not in a position to offer you very liberal wages—"

"Bless your heart, sir, we've not been accustomed to wages of late years. 'Stay with me if you like,' said Mr. Sivewright, 'but I'm too poor to pay wages. I'll give you a roof to cover you, and a trifle for your board.' And we contrived to live upon the trifle, sir, by cutting it rather fine."

"I'll give you what I give my present housekeeper," answered Lucille, "and you must manage to rub on upon it till my prospects improve. I think you'll be able to make my house comfortable—eh, Mrs. Wincher?—and to get on with its new mistress, when I am happy enough to bring my wife home."

"Lor, sir, I can do for you better than I did for Mr. Sivewright, who's a deal more troublesome than ever you could be, even if you tried to give trouble; and as to Miss Lucille, why, she knows I'd wear the flesh off my bones to serve her, willing."

It was all settled satisfactorily. Lucille was to give his housekeeper a week's notice, as per agreement. She had burnt his chop and smoked his tea continually of late, despite his remonstrances. And Mr. and Mrs. Wincher were to take up their abode with him as soon as he returned from his foreign expedition. They parted on excellent terms with each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

LUCILLE MAKES A NEW FRIEND.

THE sun shone on the lovers' journey. It was almost the happiest day in the lives of either; certainly the happiest day these two had ever spent together. To Lucille, after perpetual imprisonment in the Shadrack-road, those green fields and autumnal woods seemed unutterably beautiful—the winding river—the changing shadows on the hill-side—the villages nestling in verdant hollows.

"How can any one live in London!" she exclaimed, with natural wonder, the only London she new being so dreary and dingy a scene.

The judicious administration of half-a-crown on Lucille's part had procured the lovers a compartment to themselves. He was anxious to ask those questions which he had meant to ask last night, when the conversation had taken so unexpected a turn.

"Lucille," he began, plunging at once to the heart of his subject, "I want you to grant that request I made last night. I am not going to speak of Ferdinand Sivewright; put him out of your thoughts altogether, as some one who has no further influence upon your fate. I want you to tell me your first impressions of life, before you went to Bond-street. Forgive me, dearest, if I ask you to recall memories that may pain you. I have a strong reason for wishing you to answer me."

"You might tell me the reason, Lucille."

"I will tell you some day."

"I suppose I must be content with that," she said; and then went on thoughtfully, "My first memories, my first impressions? I think my first recollection is of the sea."

"You lived within sight of the sea, then?"

"Yes. I can just remember—almost as faintly as it were a dream—being lifted up in my nurse's arms, in an orchard on a hill to look at the sea. There it lay before us, wide and blue and bright. I wanted to fly to it."

"Can you remember your nurse?"

"I know she wore a high white cap and no bonnet, and spoke a language that I never heard after I came to Bond-street—a language with a curious twang. I daresay it was some French patois."

"Very likely. And your mother, Lucille? Have you no recollection of her?"

"No recollection!" cried the girl, her eyes filling with tears. "Why, I have cherished the memory of her face all my life; it was something too sacred to speak of, even to you. She is the sweetest memory of those happy days—a face that bent over my bed every morning when I awoke—a face that watched me every night when I fell asleep; and I never remember falling asleep except in her arms. It is all dim and dreamlike now, but so sweet, so sweet!"

"Is that anything like the face?" asked Lucille, showing her the miniature.

"Yes, it is the very face!" she cried, tearfully kissing it. "Where did you get this portrait, Lucille?"

"Your grandfather gave it me."

"What, he had that miniature in his possession all those years, and never let me see it! How unkind!"

"He might have feared to awaken sorrowful memories."

"As if they had ever slept. Will you give me this picture, Lucius?"

"Not yet, dearest. I have a reason for wishing to retain it a little while longer; but I fully recognise your right to possess it."

"It is a double miniature," said Lucille, turning it round. "Whose is the other portrait?"

"Have you no recollection of that face?"

"No; I can recall no face but my mother's—not even my nurse's. I only remember her tall white cap, and her big rough hands."

"You remember no gentleman in that home by the sea?"

"Not distinctly. There was some one who was always taking mamma out in a carriage, leaving me to cry for her. That gentleman must have been my father, I suppose, yet my vague recollection of the face, seems different. I remember being told to kiss him one night, and refusing because he always took mamma away from me."

"Were you happy?"

"O yes, very happy, though I cried when mamma left me. My nurse was kind. I remember long sunny days in the orchard on that hill, with the bright blue sea before us, and a house with a thatched veranda, and a parlour full of all kinds of pretty things—boxes and baskets and picture-books—and mamma's guitar. She used to ring every night to the accompaniment of the guitar. We lived near the top of a high hill—very high and steep—higher than any hills we have passed to-day."

"Is that all you can tell me, Lucille?"

"I think so. The life seemed to melt away like a dream. I can't remember the end of it. If my mother died in that house on the hill, I can remember no circumstance connected with her death—no illness, no funeral. My last recollection of her is being clasped in her arms—of feeling her tears and kisses on my face. Then came a long, long journey with my father. I was very tired, but he was kind to me, and held me in his arms while I slept; and one morning I woke to find myself in the gloomy-looking bedroom in Bond-street. I began to cry, and Mrs. Wincher came to me; and soon after that some one told me that my mother was dead. I think it was grandpa."

"Poor child! poor lonely deserted child!" said Lucille.

"Not deserted, Lucille. My mother would never have abandoned me while she lived."

"Enough, dearest! You have told me much that may help me to a discovery I am anxious to make."

"What discovery?"

"I must ask you to be patient, dear. You shall know all before long."

"I have had some practice in patience, Lucille, and to-day I am too happy to complain. Do you think your sister will like me?"

"It is not possible she can do otherwise. I sent her a telegram this morning telling her to expect us."

"She will be at the station to meet us, perhaps," said Lucille with an alarmed look.

"It is just possible that she may."

"O Lucille, I begin to feel nervous. Is your sister a person who takes violent likings and dislikes at first sight?"

"No, dear. My sister has some claim to be considered sensible."

"But she is not dreadfully sensible, I hope; for in that case she might think me foolish and emp'y-headed."

"I will answer for her thinking no such things."

"Can you really, Lucille? But is she like you?"

"She is much better-looking than I am."

"As if that were possible," said Lucille archly.

"In your eyes of course it is not."

"Mrs. Bertram is a widow, is she not?" asked Lucille. "Pray don't think me inquisitive; only you have told me so little, and I might make some awkward mistake in talking to your sister."

"She is not a widow; but she is separated from her husband, who is a scoundrel."

Before Lucille had time to wonder how Jane would receive her, she found herself in Janet's arms.

"I am prepared to love you very dearly, for my brother's sake and for your own," said Janet with a calm protecting air, kissing the poor little pale face, "I thought you'd like me to be here to meet you and Lucille, Lucius; so I borrowed a neighbour's wagonette and a neighbour's coachman.

The piggy man grinned at the allusion. It was not often society dignified him with the name of coachman; and he knew that his master returned him in the tax-paper as an out-of-door laborer.

Little Flossie was next kissed and admired, and introduced to her future aunt.

"May I call you aunt Lucille, at once?" she asked.

"Of course you may, darling."

Lucille's portmanteau was deposited by the side of the piggy man, and they all mounted the wagonette, and drove off through lanes still gay with wild flowers and rich with balmy odours even in the very death of summer. Lucille was delighted with everything.

"You can't imagine what a quiet corner of the earth you are coming to," said Janet. "I'm afraid you'll find it very dull."

"Not duller than Cedar House," interjected Lucius.

"And that you'll soon grow tired of the place and of me."

"Dull with you! tired of you!" exclaimed Lucille, putting her little hand into Janet's, "when I have been longing to know you."

Half-an-hour's drive in the jolting old wagonette brought them to Tilney Royal, the cluster of thatched cottages in the green hollow where Geoffrey had discovered his lost love. Dahlias now bloomed in gaudy variety to extinguish the few pale roses that lingered behind their mates of the garden, like dissipated young beauties who stay latest at a ball. There were even here and there early blooming china-asters, and the Virginian creeper was reddening on some cottage walls. Yet, despite these evidences of advancing autumn, the spot was hardly less fair than when Geoffrey had first seen it. There was that air of repose about the scene, that soothing influence of placid dispassionate nature, which is almost sweeter than actual beauty. No wide glory of landscape made the traveller exclaim, no vast and various amphitheatre of wood and hill started him into wondering admiration; but the settled peacefulness of the scene crept into his heart, and comforted his griefs.

To the eyes of Lucille, fresh from the grimy barrenness of the Cedar-House garden, the spot seemed simply exquisite. What a perfume of clove carnations in the garden! what a sweet scent of lavender in a little white-curtained bedroom! and then how genial the welcome of the old nurse, with her benevolent-looking mob-cap and starched white apron; and what an interesting personage she appeared to Lucille!

"And you really remember Mr. Davoren when he was quite a little boy?" said Lucille as the dame waited on her while she took off her bonnet.

"Remember him! I should think I did indeed, Miss," exclaimed the dame. "I remember him so well as a boy, that it's as much as I can do to believe he can have grown into a man. 'Can it really be him?' I say to myself when I see him come in at the gate just now, 'him as I remember in holland pinafores, two fresh ones every day, and never clean half an hour after they were put on?'

"Did he dirty his pinafores very much?" asked Lucille with a slight revulsion of feeling. Lucius ought to have been an ideal boy, and spotless as to his pinafores.

"There never was such a pickle, Miss; but so kind and loving with it all, and so bold and open. Never no fibbing with him. And many a pound he's sent me since I've lived here, though I don't suppose he's got too many of 'em for himself, bless his kind heart."

Lucille rewarded the lips that praised her lover with a kiss.

"What a dear good soul you are!" she said. "I'm so happy to have come here."

"Yes, you'll be happy with our Miss Janet, begging her pardon; but, never having seen Mr. Bertram, I havn't got him in my mind like when I think of her. You're sure to take to Miss Janet. She's a little proud and high in her ways to strangers, but she has as good a heart as her brother."

A nice little dinner had been prepared for the travellers. Lucius would have only just time to eat it, and then return to the station, in order to be back in time for the Newhaven train from London Bridge. It would be a hard day's work for him altogether; but what was that when weighed against the pleasure of having brought these two together thus—the sister he loved and had once deemed lost and the girl who was to be his wife.

The parting cost them all a pang, though he promised to come back in a week, if all went well with him, and fetch Lucille.

"I could not stay away from my grandfather longer than that, Lucius," she said, "and, in a lower tone, 'it will seem a very long time to be separated from you.'

To be continued.

Continued from page 357.

he put his vile old mouth to the keyhole, and shouted through:

"I've sent two brigands to rob your Pepin—to kill him—to slaughter him—to jump on him. You little, little, little—"

Before he could find a word with which to express himself, Marie threw herself at the door with such force that the panels cracked, and M. le Marquis sped down the stairs to a safer refuge.

And now, "Marie, where art thou? Hast thou escaped but to end thy bright short life so suddenly, so awfully? Ah, well! better that than to live and bear the weight of sorrow and disappointment that thy lover's marriage with another would have laid on thy young heart."

To return.

The two old men threw stone down the well, and listened.

"There is no sound. She is dead."

"My faith! I will have back my two thousand livres."

"And I—I will have back my daughter, monseigneur."

"What then?"

"The galley."

"Trombone, no one must know this."

"And the livres?"

"Keep them. Sac-r-r-r-r-r-e!"

"What's to be done?"

"Return. Ah my poor back!"

"But the body may be found!"

"No one is likely to go down there, and one can't see that depth."

"Monseigneur, sight is not the only sense, alas!"

Trombone pinched his nose expressively.

"That is a truth."

"You must fetch big stones, monseigneur, and I will drop them down."

"This heap of stones—"

"Touch them not. It would lead to our discovery."

They had to go far for stones, these two miserable old men, and the moon was high in the heavens when they desisted.

"O my back! that will do."

"O my leg! Yes, that will do."

"Yes, that will do," said a third voice.

The two screamed with fright, and looked at the bush from which the voice proceeded. What voice was it? Was it from the dead? It was supernatural, frightful. The leaves of the bush quivered, and from it rose a head. Was it an apparition?

No, it was Filoubon. He said:

"You two, consider yourselves my prisoners. I am a rascal, but I will not wink at this infamy. Fraticide, consider yourself strangled! And you, marquis, as this girl is not your wife, rest assured you will not go unpunished."

"She was dead."

"How will you prove that?"

"Filoubon, dear Filoubon, I have ever been your good friend."

"Ah, how will you repay me for that injury?"

"With livres."

"Eh?"

"And I, too, will buy your friendship with livres."

"How many will you give your friend never to pollute his mouth again with your name, Monsieur Trombone?"

"Fifty."

"What? Fraticide!"

"For heaven's sake speak lower, or not at all! Take all my fifteen hundred."

"Monsieur, I forget whom you were two seconds since; shake hand. And now, monseigneur?"

"A hundred livres."

"What?"

"I'm only a murderer."

"Yes, but this was a girl, young, prepossessing; that makes a difference, I can tell you. And you are horrid ugly; that also will make a difference with the tribunal."

"What you will."

"Monsieur, I shall remember where you live until I have the money. Let us get it at once."

Then they returned to the château; and when Filoubon had filled his pockets with gold, he said to Trombone:

"Monsieur, do you not feel remorse? Do you not wish the little Marie were living?"

"Ah, me, that I do, God knows!"

"And you, marquis?"

"I coincide."

"Now, what would you give me, you two, if I could bring her to life?"

"The world, monsieur—if I only had it," said Trombone, feeling the corners of his empty pockets.

"You have been very good to me," said Filoubon, "I will be good to you—gratuitously. I will give you a joyful surprise. Prepare yourselves. The little Marie lives!"

"Heavens!" shrieked the marquis.

"The other place!" growled Trombone.

"But the piece of her dress?"

"I hung it over the well, as a caution to the unwary."

"Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, she is in the hands of a friend of mine."

"Monseigneur, we are as badly off as ever."

"She will make it unpleasant for you with the prefect, if she can get M. Pepin to help her."

"M-o-n Dieu!"

"The devil!"

"Will your friend give her up?"

"He will want a lot of money."

"Sac-r-r-r-e! he must have it."

"Monseigneur what will be my commission?"

"What you will."

"That little heap of notes; they are useless to you; they will make me quite respectable."

"You shall have them when you show us the girl."

"Follow me, then, monseigneur; you also may follow, Monsieur Trombone, for the sake of our old acquaintance."

Filoubon led them for many weary miles, until at last they came to a wretched hovel, embowered in rank shrubs. Filoubon opened the door, and bade them step inside until he returned with the little Marie. When he had closed the door upon them, the marquis said:

"This is a small house."

"Truly; I cannot stand upright."

"They have been cooking some strange potage here."

"My faith, there is a strange odour! What is this? Oh-h, the name of heaven, it is a pigsty! Hush! there are voices."

Indeed there were voices, and lights approaching. There was also the sound of muffled laughter; and presently, the door being thrown open, the two, crouching upon the straw, beheld a group of people, in holiday dress, gathered before them. Foremost stood Pepin, and by his side the bride they had foisted upon him. Trombone and the marquis were at a loss to understand this scene, until Filoubon, stepping between, said:

"Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouille Gonfée, permit me to introduce you to the little Marie, Monsieur Pepin's bride."

"But—but—but she is the dumb girl!"

"Not a bit of it," said the little Marie, and she threw her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him before every one.

Then the two old rogues crawled out of the pigsty and walked home, that is if they died not on the road.

MRS. MAYCOCK'S KEY.

bunch of keys. They were not mine, it seemed, but nurse's—Nurse Maycock's.

Nurse came in with her youngest charge quite breathless at the danger she had escaped. "Lor! whatever should I have done if master had thrown my keys away?"

She is a comely old lady, of dignified presence, with a brown face and a handsome double chin, aquiline nose, which approaches her chin more closely than of old, owing to her lack of teeth; a very dramatic woman, mind you, full of action and gesture; with it all, a very comfortable motherly body.

"You're quite sure they are your keys, nurse?" said my wife.

"Bless you, yes, ma'm," said nurse, sinking down into a chair. She is not strong on her pins, and we don't exact rigid ceremony from her. "Why, I can tell you history of the whole 'em."

Mrs. Maycock, like other story-tellers I know, requires very delicate handling. If you let her see that you expect a story from her, she either shuts up altogether or spoils her tale by over-effort. She must be left to herself, and gently incited to discourse of her experiences. To be heard in full perfection, her narrative must flow naturally, from surrounding circumstances.

With the late lamented Maycock I had no personal acquaintance; but I have formed a vivid mental picture of him from his widow's occasional descriptions. He was thin and small, rather lame, a reserved, fiery-tempered man, who had a vivid sense of his own dignity and a rather contemptuous opinion of the female sex. He was an upper workman of some sort, earning good wages and laying by a little money—a valuable man in his own way, and well thought of by his employers.

To return to nurse. Her attention is diverted for a moment by the younger on her lap, who makes a desperate pull at her capstrings, and almost succeeds in demolishing that elaborate fabric.

"Bless his little 'art,' cries nurse; 'ain't he playful, sir? He do take after you, does Master Ralf."

"I don't see it at all," says the wife; "I don't see the least resemblance."

"But look at his eyes, ma'm, and then his little ways; O, he do take after master surely. Then he is so fond of books."

"Fond of books, is he?" said I, with dawning interest in the little chap.

"He just is fond of books," continued nurse, with pride. "He's tored all the leaves out of mine."

His father shuddered, and thought he had better be taken away.

"But about the keys, sir, as I was telling you the way I know's em'. This here one with the 'ole in it is the key of my chest of drawers. And these two just alike—ah, you sees them two together, sir?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, one of them was poor Maycock's key of his box, where he kep' all his treasures; and, sir, he just were careful of this here key; and this one," went on nurse, with a twinkle in her eye, "I had made a purpose exactly like the other, so that I could get at Maycock's box whenever I pleased."

Mrs. Maycock laughed a jolly laugh, in which I joined. Perhaps if I had owned a bunch of keys of my own I should not have laughed so freely. The wife looked doubtfully at the eldest daughter. Was there any fear of such loose principles being infectious?

"Maycock was very stric', you see, ma'm," went on nurse, "and very tingy about his money. So much a week doled out regular every Saturday, and no more if you dies for it, and often enough it wouldn't run to it. Every week a pound; and whether I was brought to bed, or whatever happened, there was no more. So I contrived this here key, as would open his box, and when I really couldn't manage any other way, I'd used to unlock Maycock's box and take out a suvrin; never no more than that, I assure you, ma'm. And I don't think he missed

Saturday. Jane,' says he, 'will you look after that?' 'All right,' says I. Well, in another quarter of an hour he'd say again, 'Jane,' says he, 'how about that shirt and pair of stockings?' 'Bless your 'art,' says I, 'don't fidget like that;' and then he shuts up for ten minutes and begins again. 'Jane,' says he, 'ain't it time to be getting ready?' And so he kept all on, that I was thankful when the time come for him to start.

‘‘ You'll leave me my wages, Maycock?’’ says I, as he was bustling about. ‘‘ To be sure,’’ says he, and with that he goes to his box. It was the money as had to keep me and the children for a week, you know, ma'm, and little enough too.

‘‘ Well, good-bye, old woman,’’ he says, and gives me a kiss and thrusts something into my hand, and away he goes; and what do you think he'd left me, ma'm? Why, the very identical new farden as I'd put into the box!’’

Trivial as this story of Mrs. Maycock's may appear, it bears such an excellent moral, that I make no apology for thus giving it to the world.

The Ladies' Page.

DRESS NOTES.

All kinds of wrappings are worn. Long narrow cloaks, with sleeves and cape or hood, or without either are extremely in favor.

Bonnets are more and more round high toques, sometimes with three stories, one above another, formed of the diadem, the crown, and the trimming (feathers and bows arranged in a tuft), which surmounts the whole. The hair is still combed very high, and must all be contained in the crown of the bonnet.

Belts (which, to speak accurately, are nothing but sashes, since they are no longer used merely to gird the waist) are fourteen, sixteen, and even twenty inches wide, and are made of double-faced ribbon, satin on one side and velvet on the other, or else of two colors, pink or blue on one side and black on the other.

Petticoats for walking costumes are of black woolen moiré; the more elegant ones are trimmed with a flounce of black velveteen cut on the bias, slightly gathered, and set on with a heading. They are worn with suits, or black velveteen skirt and a polonaise of any kind of material.

The most fashionable trimming is narrow fur fringe, gray, brown, or black. This trimming is seen on polonaises of every kind, wool, velvet, and silk. It is generally set under a scalloped edge; or if the garment is of cloth, the edge is cut in points. When the polonaise is trimmed in this manner, the skirt that accompanies it is bordered on the bottom with three flat bias folds, the lower edge of which is cut in scallops, under which is set fur fringe, gray or brown for black fabrics, black for dark blue or brown, olive green, etc.

The following will serve for the type of a pretty toilette: Long skirt of striped pékin velvet, of two shades of bronze. Eight inches from the lower edge are set large semicircles of light bronze ribbon. Above these semicircles is bias flounce of the material, surmounted by three bias folds of the same fabric. Over-skirt, short in front and drawn backward, of plain dark bronze velvet; this over-skirt is draped underneath so as to form a very large pouf. Plain waist, pointed in front and behind, of the same velvet as the over-skirt, with sleeves of striped velvet, like that of the long skirt. Under the pouf of the over-skirt the flounce of the long skirt is slightly caught up under a mammoth bow of striped velvet formed of two loops, each twenty-four inches wide (the whole width of the stuff), and two ends of the same width, but longer than the loops.

WOMEN AS COMPANIONS.

How the present sum of human wretchedness has accumulated, challenges conjecture; but that it is perpetuated by ill-assorted marriage is self-evident. If the peopling of the planet could be begun again, comparative contentment might be secured to the race by proper sexual adjustment. It is all the pleasanter to contemplate what might be, for the reason that the possibility must be hypothetical, and the deductions made to match the hue of our perceptions. Still, as mistakes arise from ignorance, and produce misery, whatever tends to prevent mistakes should be hailed with exultation. To marriage, many of us owe what we ought not to be, and would not be, could we help it. If we who are born out of parallel with nature, could have prevailed upon some of our ancestors—perhaps not very remote—to have found each other out before instead of after marriage, what incalculable gainers we should have been! We are wiser than they, of course, and might have given them valuable counsel; for, if not in advance of our own, we are certainly in advance of their time. That our advice was not asked respecting their connubial intentions, is purely our mischance. But then it is the same as to our advent into being. One of the inalienable but unattainable rights of every child is to decide for itself whether it wants to be born or not; and the establishment of this right would be the exordium to the millennium of individuality. The close companionship of some of our forefathers and foremothers would have enhanced our contemporaneous satisfaction, or which might have been

still better, have kept us in chaos. Life in itself is not desirable, and with an unhappy temperament, and surroundings which we have out power to change, is infinitely worse than no life at all. Since we are not in a position to have compelled the intimate anti-matrimonial acquaintance of our predecessors, we may make some reparation to ourselves by striving to insure the early introduction to one another of persons impelled to housekeeping on the co-operative plan. It is never too late to attempt reform, and the fact that there have been so many indiscreet marriages, is a new reason for laboring in the interest of sagacious ones. Over the temple of Hymen should be written, “ Know thyself, O man, and her thou wouldest wed, ere thou enter here!” The inscription can be obeyed only through companionship, which continued with sympathy, must reveal that mutual knowledge whereon rests the duality of content. Communion of the sexes begets community of advantage and happiness, and transmits it to posterity, for ever. We benefit succeeding generations more than we can tell by allying ourselves with Nature to procreative ends. The benison of congenial mating is reproduced for all time; it permeates the future as does sunshine space, descending through dimmest distances in favor and fertility.

CO-OPERATIVE HOMES.

Mrs. Pierce, whose name appears among the contributors to the last number of the *Atlantic*, wrote some years ago for the same periodical a series of papers on co-operative housekeeping. The lady is a Bostonian, and the dream of co-operative housekeeping, which has always been a favorite with Bostonian theorists, is now warmly advocated in a leading Boston paper. It is a very attractive theory, since it proposes to combine comfort and cheapness, and to rid families to a great extent of the annoyances of housekeeping. In fact there is but one real objection to it, and that is that the scheme is utterly impracticable.

In its commonly understood form, the plan of co-operative housekeeping is the union of two or more families under a single roof, and the transaction of all household work under the direction of a committee or of a single member of the joint families, to whom the superintendence of the house is delegated. The fatal defect in this scheme is that, as human nature is constituted, it is usually impossible to avoid dissension among the members of the co-operative house.

The women of one family, no matter how amiable and sensible they may be, will be unwilling to subordinate their tastes and preferences to those of the women of the associated families. The men, who are separated from one another during the business hours of the day, might contrive to live peacefully together in the same family; but the women, who are necessarily confined to the monotony of home, and are thus continually thrown together, would not long manage to avoid serious difference of opinion on vital questions of housewifery.

It is evident that a co-operation by means of which fewer servants would be needed, and groceries could be purchased in large quantities at reduced rates, would result in a large saving of money now expended in the separate maintenance of private families. This scheme, however, can never be put into operation unless the actual management of the combined household is undertaken by capitalists and conducted by paid agents. It would then be in reality only a modification of the present hotel system, with the advantage of being somewhat cheaper, and of securing to those concerned a greater privacy of home life than can be obtained at a hotel. This, however, is a far different affair from the co-operative housekeeping of the theorists, which is one of the most impracticable, though fascinating, of socialistic delusions.

REFASHIONING OLD CLOTHES.

How to make “ auld cleas look amainst as weel's the new ” was never so desirable as in this season of panic, nor happily was it ever so easy. Simple styles, as we constantly reiterate, are the highest fashion, and most of the elaborate costumes of the past few years can be modernized by merely taking off parts of their garniture, while those that are worn or soiled can be cleaned and used for the foundation of another suit—with a new polonaise, and perhaps a border on the skirt. The black silks of last year can be cleansed, and their lustre and dressing renewed, by sponging them on the wrong side with ale greatly diluted with water; no given rule will answer with various qualities of silk, but it is well to mix equal quantities of each, and experiment on a sample of the silk, adding more water if the silk is too stiff when dry. Black alpacas may also be restored almost to their first beauty by using a thimbleful of borax dissolved in a pint of warm water, and put on with a nail-brush. If the dress skirt is much worn and soiled around the bottom, add a fresh facing, cut off the soiled parts of the dress material, and piece it out to the edge of the facing with one of the now superfluous flounces—perhaps the upper part of the lower flounce, which is also worn on the edge—and cover the joining with a newer and simpler trimming made of the upper flounces. The reaction in favor of plainly trimmed skirts is making itself evident daily. We do not mean that dress skirts are most usually made entirely plain, but as an excellent French authority says, bordered skirts,

not flounced ones, are the fashion. Instead of being covered with trimmings of one kind in front, another sort on the sides, and a third behind, there is now straight around the skirt a border, perhaps of flounces, or it may be of folds, but quite narrow, and giving a most artistic finish to the costume. For this border on silk dresses use a single flounce fully gathered and edged with a narrow pleated ruffle, and a similar pleating for heading, or else have two pleatings four or five inches wide, overlapping, and headed by a cluster of very small folds. A single pleating is also considered sufficient border for cloth and heavy wool dresses. All this conduces greatly to economy, as three or four yards of silk now serve for trimming, instead of the ten or twelve formerly required.

To remodel last year's polonaises, make them tight-fitting in the body, and draw their skirt drapery further backward, taking the pleats back of the side seam instead of on it; make the sleeves close, with a revers cuff and a silk pleating falling over the hand; put the pockets further back or else omit them, and add a standing flaring collar instead of a ruff; this collar, cuffs, and pockets can be made of new silk darker than the polonaise, and will give it an air of freshness. A belt may be added, fastened behind by a silver buckle, or else a ribbon sash, doubled, with one flat loop hanging over the belt, and two long ends.

The loose velvet sacques of past winters are being cut down to make shapely English walking jackets. If the pattern is short, it may be made almost tight-fitting, and its style enhanced thereby. The trimming should be a silk facing and silk-covered buttons, or else jet galloon (not passementerie), with buttons made of tiny jet beads instead of the large ones cut in facets; or, better still, a narrow band of long dark fur should border the jacket. Cloth sacques are altered in the same way, and trimmed with bias silk or velvet, showing below the edge like a mere cord. Sleeveless velvet jackets are in greater favor than at any time since their introduction. They require very little material, and when made of black velvet may be worn with various dresses, and, with silk sleeves, will serve as a new waist for black silk dresses of a former season. A silk cord on the edge is the only necessary trimming.

MAKING HER OWN HAT.

Mr. Howard Paul, in his entertainment, says “ that when a sudden sharp fever of economy attacks a woman, and she determines to make a hat or a bonnet for herself, for a brief period between the formation of the resolution and the consummation of the deed, her mind passes through various amusing stages of agitation. First, she gets herself up in her most attractive guise, and proceeds to purchase a “ shape ”—as I believe the fragile outline or framework of the future structure is called—then, taking the ‘bus home, she drinks in the details of every hat that enters, and learns them all by heart, and does mental sums over the cost of the ribbon, and makes up her mind to have flowers in her like those worn by the woman in the corner, and lace like that gaudy-looking creature in the middle. The next day she walks down the street, and studies all the hats that come along; and, when a woman passes her with one on, she twists her neck round to see how it looks behind, and is disgusted so see that the woman is also dislocating her neck to see how she trims her hat. When she arrives in front of a milliner's, she lingers until she has analysed all the hats in the window, and she determines to trim hers nineteen different ways, and decides not to have flowers like the woman who sat in the corner. Then she shoots into the shop, and asks to “ see hats ” with the air of a person who wishes to invest a small fortune in headgear. She examines every hat in the establishment, overhauls ten bushels of flowers, gets about fifteen shillings' worth of work out of the saleswoman, and then says she will “ look farther.” Then she gets home with her mind fixed on thirty-eight or nine different styles in which she wants to trim her hat. After a while she begins to think she ought to have a feather in it, and she passes two or three sleepless nights trying to decide whether to put one in or not. At last she resolves she will. Then she lies awake for two more nights endeavoring to determine whether it shall be red or blue. She settles on blue. She buys the trimming, and sews it on in twenty successive positions, her mind filled with deepest anxiety as to whether the feather should go on the right side, the left side, or on top. She puts it on the right side; but just then Mrs. De Boots passes the window with a feather on the left side of hers, and so she changes it the next morning. Mrs. Fitzbrown calls, and her feather is on the right side, and then another change is made. At church next day Mrs. Smith has feathers on both sides, and Mrs. Johnson has on the top. Then more sleepless nights and painful uncertainty. At last, in utter despair, she takes the hat to a milliner, and pays thirty shillings to have it trimmed. When it comes home she pronounces it “ hateful,” and picks it all to pieces, and broods over it, and worries and frets and loses her appetite, and feels life to be a burden for two weeks longer, until suddenly she has just the right thing, and becomes once more serene and happy, and puts the hat on and goes out and make millions of other women miserable because their hats are not trimmed exactly like hers. As a wife, woman is a blessing; as a mother, naught can compare with her; as an organizer of new hats, she is simply an object of amusement or—compassion.”

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

GRAHAM BISCUIT.—Into three cups of Graham flour and one of white rub well two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda; when thoroughly mixed, add a teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of white sugar. Stir in two cupfuls of new milk, working all with a knife, and using the hands as little as possible. Roll out about half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes, and bake in a quick oven. Equally good cold as hot.

TO PICKLE LEMONS.—Rasp the lemons a little, and nick them at one end; lay them in a dish with very dry salt, let them be near the fire, and covered. They must stand seven or eight days, then put in fresh salt, and remain the same time; then wash them well, and pour on boiling vinegar, grated nutmeg, mace, and whole pepper. Whenever the salt becomes damp it must be taken out and dried. The lemons will not be tender for nearly a year. The time to pickle them is about February.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—The same proportions of flour, white of egg, and butter as in the preceding recipe. Add one pound of blanched sweet and two ounces of bitter almonds, one pound of citron cut up fine, and one grated cocoa-nut. Beat almonds in a mortar, with a little rose-water to prevent oiling whenever you use them, and flour all fruits in a small portion of that allotted by weight to the recipe you have in hand. Bake this fruit cake with slow heat, using caution not to allow it to burn.

SAUCE TARTARE.—Put in a small basin the yolk of one egg well freed from white, one pinch of salt, and a small pinch of pepper; stir with a wooden spoon, and pour in (by drops at first, then by teaspoonfuls) about 4oz. of oil, being careful to mix the oil well before adding any more; at every eighth teaspoonful of oil add one teaspoonful of vinegar, till all the oil is used; then add one tablespoonful of dry mustard, three shallots (say $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) chopped fine and well washed, six gherkins (say $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) also chopped fine, one tablespoonful of ravigote (chervil, tarragon, and burnet, chopped), one teaspoonful of chili vinegar, or one small pinch of cayenne pepper; mix all together.

DELICIOUS CITRON PUDDING.—Beat until very thick and light the yolks of sixteen fresh eggs. Stir in gradually, beating all the time, three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Then mix in three-quarters of a pound of melted butter, from which all the salt has been previously washed. Now line two deep pie plates with puff paste. Cut into thin slices some preserved citron, and lay closely over the pastry, leaving a margin, of course, around the edges. Fill with the batter, and bake in an oven whose heat is regular, but not too great. When drawn from the oven, sift over them finely pulverized white sugar. They are good whether eaten hot or cold, and are considered the most dainty and delicate of all puddings.

LADY CAKE.—The whites of sixteen eggs, one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of extract of bitter almonds or vanilla. To supplement the above recipe, it is well to have some good way in which to use the sixteen whites of eggs there left undisposed of. We find this cake good, and economical when made at the same time with citron puddings. Whisk until they stand alone the sixteen whites of eggs. Cream three-quarters of a pound of butter, into which cream flour until too stiff to stir. Then add alternately egg, flour, and sugar, until all are well combined. Flavor with any seasoning that will not affect the purity of color. Vanilla or extract of bitter almonds is generally chosen. Bake in a one-pound mould. Icing is a great addition to this, as to every cake, and should be applied while the cake is warm.

TO MAKE BROTH.—The best utensil for making broth is an earthen pot; next is a copper or iron digester or kettle, well lined with tin. An iron pan lined with porcelain is excellent if the porcelain is not cracked. Any kind of fire is good as long as it is not too sharp, and will keep the pot simmering; it does not matter whether it is on a stove or range, in a grate or furnace, or whether it is a hard coal, charcoal, or wood fire. It is not necessary to be a thorough cook to make excellent broth, for care and watchfulness are the only two qualities required. Process: Put two pounds of beef in a pot or kettle with two quarts and a half of cold water, a small tablespoonful of salt, and set it on a good fire; after about thirty or forty minutes the scum will begin to collect on the surface; take a skimmer and skim it off as soon as there is enough of it; when it begins to boil add about a wine-glassful of cold water to stop the boiling, and allow all the scum to come on the surface in order to remove it. When no more of it comes up add a small turnip, or part of one, a medium-sized carrot, two cloves, an onion, a stalk of celery, a leek, and a clove of garlic; simmer constantly for about six hours, then add a tablespoonful of burned sugar, and the broth is made. The meat is either served with the carrot, turnip, and leek, or prepared as directed for cold beef in a preceding number. Strain the broth, and it is ready for use. It does not keep long in summer without turning sour; it is then necessary to cool it quickly by exposing it to a draught, and to keep it in a dark and cool closet or on ice. It keeps longer by giving it one boil every twelve hours.

MEMORIAL ALTARS.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Where shall their dust be laid?
On the mountain's starry crest,
Whose kindling lights are signals made
To the mansions of the blest:
No,—no,—no!
For, bright though the mountain be,
It has no gem in its diadem,
Like the life-spark of the free!

Where shall their dust be laid?
On the ocean's stormy shore,
With wailing woods, at their backs arrayed,
And shouting seas before:
No,—no,—no!
For, deep as its waters be,
They have no depth like the faith which fired
The martyrs of the free!

Where shall their dust be laid?
By the valley's greenest spot,
As it ripples down, in leaps of shade,
To the blue forget-me-not:
No,—no,—no!

For, green as the valley be,
It has no flower like the bleeding-Heart
Of the heroes of the free!

Or where muffled pageants march,
Through the spired and chiming pile,
To the chancel-rail of its oriel arch,
Up the organ flooded aisle!

No,—no,—no!
For, grand as the minsters be,
They could never hold all the knightly hosts
Of Jackson and of Lee!

Where shall their dust be laid?
In the urn of the Human Heart,
Where its purest dreams are first displayed
And its passionate longings start:
Yes,—yes,—yes!

By Memory's pictured wave,
Is a living shrine for the dead we love,
In the land they died to save!

JAKE'S LUCK.

"Whatever will Mr. Squimbs say? Oh, girls, to think of it—poor, washed-out Amanda Liza, with her check aprons and faded calicoes—to think of her turning out an heiress! Whew! it takes my breath away. What'll Jake do now, I wonder?"

Miss Jennie Smith was an acknowledged leader in the Squimbs academy. She had maintained her rotund person and round, good-natured face in spite of sour bread and scant rations. We thin and starveling girls looked up to her as a star of the first magnitude. We clustered around her in high conclave, as she sat on a desk in the school-room during the temporary absence of our worthy preceptor.

"Oh, she'll never think of Jake again," cried a sharp-faced girl in the corner.

"I'll bet she will," rejoined Miss Smith, slapping her hand energetically on her old grammar. Miss Smith had "big brothers," which may partly account for the vim with which she was wont to express herself. "But, oh, don't I wish it was me! To think that Amanda Liza, that I used to lend my old collars to!"

"Young ladies, Miss Bimm!" cried a warning voice; whereat Jennie, with more haste than dignity, abandoned her lofty position, and there was a general stampede for seats as Miss Bimm, the head teacher, came sailing in, followed by Mr. Squimbs, the principal, black, tall, and solemn as the shadow of a lamp-post. Now for stricter rules, longer lectures on propriety and a general surveillance fended on "certain recent occurrences."

What would Mr. Squimbs say? Ay, to be sure that was always a question of importance, and Mr. Squimbs always said a good deal. Here was an especial theme for his eloquence; for this case of poor Amanda Liza, who had been his bond-slave for ten years, cuffed and cornered, making no sign, and at last turning out to have relations of her own and a heap of money, and leaving his establishment "for good and all" in his absence, was a little too much for human nature, as he declared. For Mr. Squimbs did not disdain to descend to "familiar colloquialisms" once in a while as a relief from the high mental strain of too much Latin and lexicon.

Mr. Squimbs should have been a public speaker—so his wife declared, so all his friends affirmed—only the trouble was he would never have known when to stop. There was no "cork up" to him, the girls declared. Once given a little rope, a small vexation, an accidental jar-ring of his arrangements, and Mr. Squimbs flowed out into limitless rivers of rhetoric. He argued his point down to the last whittle, wound up splendidly, touched up his side-whiskers, looked round for applause, turned over his wristbands, and, before you knew it, began again.

This was a splendid opening, this of Amanda Liza's—a girl whom he had taken out of "pure" charity when her folks died of fever, a girl whom he had educated, brought up in his very family, and—and—and—Mr. Squimbs felt himself possessed on this occasion of all the stock in trade necessary for an orator.

"And Mr. Squimbs like a father to her, too!" cried Mrs. Squimbs, elevating her shrivelled little hands.

Mrs. Squimbs was a small wrinkled lady, rustling about of an afternoon in a stiff voluminous silk, so little, so shrivelled, she seemed to

rattle in it as she walked, like a withered kernel in a walnut-shell. She had had the benefit of Mr. Squimbs's eloquence the greater part of her life, and was much like a worn-out text-thin and thumbed and faded.

The good lady was humbly aware of her deficiencies. A mere bit of quartz, she did not attempt to shine even in her husband's resplendence. All real authority in her department was delegated to Miss Bimm, who carried things with an air, taught the "higher branches," and took the lead.

Mrs. Squimbs meekly took the kitchen, eminently fitter, as her husband declared, for that department, which was the foundation of all others. The foundation prepared under Mrs. Squimbs's supervision was not very substantial. But elegance was the aim, gentility the law, at the academy, as Mr. Squimbs observed, and no one asked twice for the same dish. An army of hungry girls, he remarked privately to Mrs. Squimbs, would devour all before them unless properly restrained. Under this aspect sour bread and chill pancakes were judicious.

Amanda Liza, the girl about whom we were all just now in a *furore*, had assisted Mrs. Squimbs and the maids in the kitchen of a morning, likewise of an evening; between these she generally sandwiched the thin hour of study which was denominated her "education." She was a slim, drooping eyed little thing, who never spoke up for herself; and if Jake hadn't spoken up for her once in a while, I think she would scarcely have held her own even under Mrs. Squimbs's motherly sway.

"Old Jake," as we called him, was a black-eyed, ragged lad of eighteen, the factotum of the school, general fag, boot-black, and boy-of-all-work to the establishment, with an occasional elevation to coachman. Jake was subject to a state of chronic outbreak, restive, forgetful of rules, and "dreadful sassy," the maids declared. But Jake had his ideal, and that ideal was "Miss Mandy Liza." Her pale, patient face, her soft quiet voice, were potent with him. The girl was really poorer than Jake, lower in the scale, and with no apparent chance of rising from her bondage; but she recited with the young ladies, and it was Jake's high ambition to help her through with her chores and get her into class. Jake's guardianship of the girl was an accepted fact in the school and village round about. No boy dared play any tricks on Amanda Liza.

"Jest you wait till I get my luck, an I'll teach you!" was Jake's admonition, accompanied with a clinching of his sturdy fist that ably seconded the argument.

The girl took it all very quietly in her gentle way, and seemed to have a kindly regard for Jake—mending his coat occasionally or darnning his stockings—a thing Jake gallantly declared "she shouldn't do never again; he wouldn't have no ladies waitin' on him."

Ladies! The girls used to nudge each other and smile; but for all that they were very good to Amanda Liza, whose faded dress and meek ways set her apart from the noisy youthfulness of the rest of us. We never begrimed the extra polish which Jake in his capacity of boot-black bestowed upon her shoes, and we did not laugh when those same shoes made their appearance one day adorned with a resplendent pair of steel buckles, which were afterwards discovered to have been abstracted from the coachman's rig in which Jake occasionally did duty, and to which, I am sorry to add, he was ignominiously obliged to restore them.

Occasionally, on some rare holiday, we girls had the privilege of a drive out into the country, when the Squimbs' superannuated sorrel, covered with an elaborate netting to conceal its deficiencies, and pricking up its tasseled ears with quite a show of spirit, would sett off on a brisk trot, animated, no doubt, by the prospect of a grassy nibble along the road. Gay times were those. Jake was at his jolliest, and we all—old Dobbin included—forgot our "short commons" and long lectures, and grew hilarious together. Even poor Amanda Liza, quietly stowed away in the back seat, brightened up in the sunlight, and was meekly merry. Once I remember old Dobbin cantered along so friskily that he upset the whole party on a mossy bit of rising ground and, whisking his long tail facetiously, quietly betook himself to pasture, while we picked ourselves up as best we could.

"We might have had worse luck," said Jake, as he plucked Amanda Liza out of the heap, shook her out, and wiped the dust from her black apron, leaving the rest of the party to look after themselves. Which we did, scolding and laughing by turns, and giving, quite by accident, the front seat beside Jake to Amanda Liza the rest of the way. Ah! the twilight that summer evening was warm and mellow, the fields were gilded, the meadows fragrant, and we heard a refrain of the grand eternal poem on the joicing seat of the old wagon, though Jake was silent the rest of the way, looking furtively now and then at the girl beside him, and being very attentive to old Dobbin. Poor Jake! Amanda Liza had shot up clean out of his reach since then, and what we wanted to know was whether the girl would remember him now in the days of her elevation.

A wealthy uncle, a splendid home, and money on her own account—ah! no wonder we had not seen Amanda since.

"They touched her off like a sky-rocket, and she vanished," said Jake ruefully. Had she vanished for good? Then poetical justice was a myth, and Amanda's patched shoes and faded dresses were not more worthless than she. We waited. We watched the windows furtively. We pricked up our ears at every ring of the door-bell, but weeks passed, and the golden

coach-and-six in which our Cinderella was to arrive did not rattle up the drive to the Squimbs Academy.

I think we had almost given it up, and Amanda Liza's base forgetfulness and ingratitude were becoming an old story, when one day at noon Jake came rushing in among us, hot and shining, and holding between his thumb and forefinger a dainty billet. He looked like an embodied "hurrah" at that moment.

But, to tell the truth, Jake could not quite make out the writing, for which all his "opportunities," as our worthy principal designated his vicinage to wisdom and learning in the capacity of shoe-black, the lad was unable to decipher manuscript—"hadn't the patience," he declared.

Jennie Smith read the letter for him amidst general applause. Justice and righteousness had triumphed, it appeared, and Amanda Liza had proved herself a "regular brick," as Jennie, with beaming eyes, observed handing back the precious scrap of paper to Jake, who carefully wrapped it in his ragged handkerchief. The letter contained a brief invitation to the lad, urging him to come and see his old friend—a day was appointed for the visit, and the street and number where she was to be found were written out in a round, school-girl hand. A fashionable and wealthy quarter of the city, where Jake was not likely to be very familiar.

Jake set himself to work without loss of time about blacking his boots, albeit the appointed day was somewhat about a week ahead. But it would take a deal of fixing, he explained confidentially, to get ready, and he hadn't much to fix with. Jake's normal condition was not that of a dandy, certainly. He could only, as a general thing, be lured by the prospect of a drive to "red himself up," as Mrs. Squimbs said. To be ragged and let alone was his heaven. But this time he rose to the greatness of the occasion—he brushed and scoured, washed out his sole white shirt, dusted and straightened his battered old hat, and mended his trousers.

Deeply interested in Jake's fortunes, we watched the proceedings.

"But Jake," said Jennie Smith one day, "what are you to do for a coat?"

Unhappy suggestion! Jake looked aghast. He hadn't thought of that. Certainly he couldn't make his appearance in that overgrown coachman's rig, in which he was wont to illustrate the academical respectability on the road. And he had nothing else. No necessity had ever before developed itself for anything save shirt sleeves and a woollen jacket.

An awful pause came over our deliberations for Jake. Miss Smith whistled, and finally suggested her water-proof—we were all ready to fling ours at his feet—but Jake couldn't go muffled like an Italian brigand. He shook his head.

Night closed without any solution of the difficulty, but we trusted that somehow the lad's quick wit would find a way out of it.

The next morning, however, a new sensation turned us from the contemplation of Jake's disasters. The house had been robbed. We were all terribly scared, and Mr. Squimbs was in a fever of declamation and wrath. His coat—his best-beloved blue-black coat, in which he was wont to dignify trustee meetings, ornament his pew of a Sunday, and pay visits of state to his patrons—his coat had been stolen. His coat, a man so devoted to the interests of education that he scarcely had time to go to the tailor's; to think that an ungrateful, inappreciative, idle world should have permitted him to be robbed; He raved, he stormed, he threatened vengeance, he lectured us on the degeneracy of the times, and forgot our Latin.

Vague forebodings of lurking assassins, masked robbers, and frequent skirmishes into the wardrobe and dormitories about this time kept us all in a nervous flurry, to the exclusion of all thought of Jake. But late one twilight afternoon, as we sat huddled in the windows of the long school-room waiting the supper-bell, we saw him issue from the outhouse. Oh, horror! Oh, apparition of terror! For with its tails nearly touching the ground, his long sleeves overlapping his hands, Jake wore without a doubt the missing coat, boldly marching in his stolen finery down towards the road in sight of us all.

In sight of sharper eyes too, it seemed, for not far from the house Mr. Squimbs himself pounced upon him.

Poor, kind, light-hearted Jake! We held our breath that day and the next, for Jake had been marched off to prison, and Mr. Squimbs's eloquence and morality were in full flow. He said a longer grace than ever at dinner, and we were all glad, when hungrily eyeing the scanty board, we heard the visitor's bell summon him to the parlor. I think we were in better appetite than usual that day, and we left little behind us for our Mentor as we filed up stairs towards the school-room. Passing the parlor door, there rushed out upon us a little figure in a trailing silk dress and bonnet full of nodding French flowers. It was Amanda Liza.

"Oh, girl!" she cried, hysterically, bewildered with an apparent desire to embrace the whole troop. "Poor Jake!"

Mr. Squimbs, tall and solemn, rose with dignity, and closed the parlor door upon their further conference. We heard him make this consoling remark:

"I always knew he'd come to no good!" It seemed that Amanda had learned of Jake's mishap through some stray newspaper, where the well-known name of the virtuous and vengeful Squimbs had met her eye. She comprehended the situation, and came to the academy to plead for her old friend.

We waited the news of Jake's fate breathlessly, nodding and whispering among ourselves. For there would be a trial or something terrible, of course we hardly knew what. Mr. Squimbs was away all the afternoon, the classes were demoralized, and we stood idly gazing out of the window at four o'clock, when a carriage came up the drive. To our amazement Jake sat on the box, elate and erect. He sprang down and opened the door with a flourish, and out stepped Mr. Squimbs.

"The girl pleaded so hard that I have decided not to prosecute," said Mr. Squimbs; and if a splendid new coat fresh from the tailor's and a plump silken purse of unknown manufacture had anything to do with this decision we were not informed of it.

"And I'm going to live with Miss Mandy Liza forever!" cried Jake, when he came among us, his face lit with a glory as if he were departing for heaven.

Would Amanda Liza dress him in a blue coat and brass buttons, and make him her coachman at good wages? Ah, what a rise for poor Jake! Amanda Liza was his saint, his angel, the hem of whose garment he touched reverently. There was no commonplace element about such love as this, and Jake would be content to let down her carriage steps and look after her ponies all the days of his life, we thought. And that was the last we saw of him at the Squimbs'.

But years after, when I was travelling in Australia with my husband, Mr. Smith and myself were invited to the ranch of one of the magistrates there, whose broad estates covered miles of mountain and meadow, and who owned almost literally "the cattle upon a thousand hills." In the lady of the mansion, a delicate and dainty personage, I recognized with a cry of surprise and delight my old school-mate, Amanda Liza; but I did not know the portly dignitary upon whose arm she hung until I heard her laughing whisper—"Oh! Jake, don't you remember old Squimbs?"

THE RITE OF CREMATION—BURNING THE BODY OF A REMARKABLE MAN AT BOMBAY.

The *Times of India* announces the death of one of the best known Hindoo townsmen of Bombay, Mr. Venayekrao Juggonathjee Sunkester, and thus describes the ceremony of incineration:—"Beyond the fact that the bodies of deceased Hindoos are burned and their ashes thrown into the sea (we are speaking now of Bombay), little is known by the general Anglo-Indian public regarding the funeral ceremonies of the larger portion of the community amidst which they live. Not fewer than a thousand persons must have taken part in the funeral procession, every family in the caste having furnished one or two of its male members to swell the melancholy *cortège*. All bareheaded, and dressed in white garments, the solemn procession marched slowly on. First came an array of linkbearers, whose torches shed a weird unearthly gleam over the spectacle. Then, surrounded also by lighted torches, and borne aloft on the shoulders of six men, the corpse was carried, in front of which walked a number of Brahmin priests chanting a monotonous dirge for the departed. The body was laid on a bier, over which, covering it up to the shoulders, a red shawl was laid, the head and face being exposed to sight. The procession occupied the whole breadth of the street, and formed a compact body for about 200 yards. Along the road relatives of the deceased were employed, according to custom, in distributing copper money among the swarm of mendicants who hung on to the skirts of the procession. Arrived at the burning-ground—the body, still lying on the bier, was deposited on the ground, round which the torch-bearers formed a circle. The bier consisted of split bamboo sides and arms, and with a rush bottom. The object of depositing it on the ground was to allow all present to take a last look at the features of their beloved friend and leader. Many simply salamed and went away; others knelt long over the body and seemed as if engaged in prayer; while others, again, particularly a number of old and faithful servants, sent up such a chorus of tumultuous lamentations as in the still night air might have been heard a mile away. From 20 minutes to half an hour this continued, the torches illuminating the dead man's face with a vivid light, and the brilliant moon shining peacefully over all. But all this time the men attached to the burning-ground had been busily employed in erecting the funeral pyre, and at the proper time the corpse was lifted off the bier and placed in the centre of it. The officiating Brahmins then anointed a portion of the body with a mixture of which the principal constituent was ghee. Hard by was piled a heap of fragrant sandalwood split into thin faggots, and these the relatives of the deceased laid one by one upon the body, the priests all the while reciting prayers for the dead. This ended, the servants of the ground built up the pyre to its proper height with common firewood. All being ready for the final ceremony, the Brahmins lit a small fire of sandalwood, and having consecrated it, gave a flaming brand to each of the kinsmen present, whose duty it was to light the pyre; whereupon the multitude set up a sudden and unanimous cry, which was interpreted to us to be an appeal to the Almighty to take the deceased's soul unto himself. Then the flames shot up into the air, a canopy of smoke overhanging the spot, and all was over; the mourners dispersed, and by midnight nothing remained of our well known citizen but a handful of white ashes and a few calcined bones."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

WILKIE COLLINS says he felt the illness of Dickens in the first chapter of "Edwin Drood," and could read no further.

BALLOON.—Another newspaper concern is to attempt the passage of the Atlantic by balloon. This time it is the *Evening Herald* of Philadelphia. It is to be a hot air balloon, and is now in process of construction.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.—The Nicholson pavement, as generally laid, does not have a good foundation. Were this attended to, and proper care used in the selection of the blocks, wooden pavements would be very durable.

A PHILADELPHIA Quaker complimented one of his sect, who had joined an Episcopal Church, on the new organ used there. "Why, I thought thee objected to church music?" "Ah, so I do," was the reply; "but if thee must worship God my machinery, I want thee to have the best."

PRECIOUS STONE AS CHARMS.—A wine-colored amethyst, set in a ring, was a specific against intoxication and its consequences; a hyacinth stone, similarly set, acted as a charm to produce sleep; an agate had wonderful power in curing amaurosis and other diseases of the eye; a jasper showed its value in cases of dropsy and fever; while a coral was an antidote against nervousness and causeless fears. That many imaginative cures have been wrought by such means, who can deny?

SAGACITY OF BIRDS.—Certain facts render it probable that birds, in some manner, become aware of cholera infection in the air. Recent European journals state that at Munich, where several cases of cholera have occurred, the rooks and crows, which flew about the steeples and through the trees of the public promenades, have all emigrated; and the same thing happened during the cholera seasons of 1836 and 1854. According to Sir Samuel W. Baker, the same phenomena occurred at Mauritius, where the martins, which exist in immense numbers the year round, wholly disappeared during the prevalence of the cholera.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.—In the Vienna Exposition there were several specimens of the embalming of parts of the human body. Those exhibited by Dr. Marini, of Naples, were particularly to be noted. One of these was a large round table made of muscles, sinews, etc., of a dark brown color, with a handsome polish. Among his other exploits he petrified Thalberg, the deceased pianist, and the widow is said to keep the corpse in her drawing room. He also embalmed Mazzini, and so well that some of the more economical admirers of that statesman urged that the body should be set up in Rome as a statue, and thus save expense.

CHILD'S CAUL.—This name is given to a membrane which is sometimes found on the head of an infant at birth, nearly encompassing the head. It is a rare occurrence, and the rarity has led to great importance being attached to it. The child itself will be lucky; and the owner of the caul in after years will be shielded from many troubles that affect his neighbors. The superstition came from the East, where it had its origin in remote ages. Many diseases were believed to be curable by the wearing of a caul; and to this day some sailors—even English sailors in the second half of the nineteenth century—have a faith in the efficacy of a child's caul to preserve them from drowning at sea.

HOW TO IRON LINEN.—A *Hearth and Home* correspondent says linen that is placed immediately after being ironed near the stove or in the hot sun, is stiffer when dry than if it is permitted to dry slowly. It is a good plan to lay collars and small articles on a waiter, and set them on a kettle or other support on the stove, till they are quite dry. Sometimes the iron will stick in a manner quite unaccountable; if it is rubbed on a board on which fine salt has been sprinkled, and then passed over a brown paper with wax in its folds, the sticking propensities will be checked. A bowl of clear water and a clean old linen cloth, are useful to remove any specks the linen may acquire before or while being ironed.

MANNERS IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—Some years ago, when Lord Russell was the Minister in attendance upon Her Majesty at Balmoral, there came a messenger to Aboyne—a little old man, buried in a greatcoat—with a telegram from his lordship to one of his Ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who, seeing that it did not bear a signature—it was in the days of the old companies, when a signature was necessary—threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritative command, "Put your name to it; it's a pity your master doesn't know how to send a telegram." The name was added, and the message handed back,—"Why, you can't write, either!" cried the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavouring to make out the signature.—"Here, let me do it. What's your name?"—"My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell." It was the veritable Lord John himself.

NEW MATERIAL FOR MAKING PAPER.—An English journal is informed that it is intended to carry out in that country, in an extensive way, the French invention of making paper from the sheath of the hop stock, when the outer skin has been removed. The substance made from this material is of a great suppleness and

delicacy, and by its employment in this manufacture a new and considerable source of profit will be opened for the hop-grower. The importance of this discovery to Kentish farmers cannot well be exaggerated, for if the season should not prove favorable, and should fail to produce first-rate hops, the paper-making material will compensate for the deficiency in this respect. No doubt the growth of hops will be introduced in future into many districts where they are not known at present, as the large amount of material which they will supply for paper-making will alone insure a good return for their cultivation. The price of the article is very high at present.

A GLIMPSE OF FATHER MATHEW.—One afternoon as she bent over her ironing table, improvised from a chair, she was conscious of a sudden hush throughout the queer high room. Looking up from her little round-edged iron, she saw a group of gentlemen just within the door. The pleasant-faced superintendent often came here. Kate had seen him many times. He beckoned to her now, as Elsie left her work, and the girl, struck with strange awe, made continual obeisance, bowing to the floor, yet not for him. "This is Father Mathew," said he kindly, as the child with her little hot, red face stood before him. She noticed then that some of the party wore long straight coats like that of the old priest who went up and down popular Street sometimes: and at these words, one in advance of the others who had been speaking to Elsie, took her little hand, still hot from the iron, in his with a murmur of kind words. Long afterwards she remembered the hand-clasp and the gentle tones of his voice, when all recollection of the face or figure of the great reformer had faded from her mind.

THE GIANTS OF OLD.—St. Simeon Stylites for seven-and-thirty years lived on the top of his pillar. During the first four years, it was six cubits high; for the ten years ensuing, it was twenty-two; and for the last twenty, it was forty cubits high. The tomb of Abel, on the way to Baalbec, is, according to Maundrell, thirty yards long. The tomb of Eve at Jiddah is, according to Burton, two hundred paces long. The tomb of Seth, on the slopes of Antilibanus is sixty feet in length. Indeed, it would have been twenty feet longer, but the Prophet Seth, who came here preaching to the people, who worshipped cows, was killed by them, and was hastily buried with his knees doubled under his legs. Noah's tomb, on the opposite side of the valley, was one hundred and twenty feet long. The tomb of Joshua was disgracefully short; indeed, it only covered thirty feet. Thus there were giants in those days, just as there are positives in ours who consider the seal which Louis Napoléon has left as a talisman to his imperial son about as valuable an heirloom as the throne of Republican France.

RESTORING OLD BOOKS.—A Paris paper states that in the French capital an industrial art is prosecuted, of the existence of which few people have any knowledge whatever. This art consists in the restoration of old books and manuscripts, and has been raised by a few experts to a marvelous perfection. The skill of these artists is, indeed, so great that no book is considered by them beyond their transforming touch. They take out the most inveterate stains and marks; they re-instate the surface where holes have been gnawed by rats or eaten by worms; they replace missing lines and leaves in such a way that no one can discover the interpolation; they remake margins giving them exactly the color of the original; in fact, so well is all this done that frequently the most discriminating judge cannot tell the restored copy from the perfect original work. Ornamental frontispieces, editor's marks, vignettes, coats-of-arms, manuscripts, or printed pages, all are imitated to a degree of accuracy that tasks even the most practised eye. Such restoration, however, if of course expensive. Thus, at a sale of books some time ago, a tattered filly, and repulsive, but in some respects quite a unique, copy of the "Breviary of Geneva" brought only \$100 on account of the damaged condition it was in. The purchaser took it to a book restorer, who stated his terms to be \$100 and that the process would require a year.

MADONNA FLOWERS.—The early Christians consecrated an herbarium to the Virgin Mary, white flowers in particular, such as the white rose, the white climatis, the white hyacinth, the stately white lily, the lily of the valley, half covered up by its green hood, and the snowdrop, peeping with cup whiter than shield of crescent moon, and looking fair even on the bosom of the snow. Our Lady's Thistle, with the milky streaks on its leaves, which were believed to be medicinal in dropsy, jaundice, and the plague; Our Lady's Mantle, with its circular broad leaf, scalloped and plaited in regular folds a decoction of which was a rural cosmetic, a clearer of the complexion; Our Lady's Smock, the lovely little pale lilac flower that blows at the time of the Annunciation; the Lady's Slipper, with its four purplish petals in the form of a cross, and the yellow nectary in the centre, shaped like a shoe, dedicated by the French, Germans, and Italians to the foot of the Virgin—are all embalmed in the hearts and enshrined in the imaginations of the faithful. Therefore it is that we are shocked at Our Lady's Glove being also known as the fox-glove, and shudder at the young shoots of the Lady's Seal being boiled as asparagus, a use to which it would be impossible to put the seal of Napoléon. Our Lady's Bed Straws, however, cannot be served up at table, although its thick tufts of tiny yellow flowers smell like honey.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To show, probably that, "the pen is mightier than the sword," Mr. W. D. Wilson, of Odell, Illinois, has written 1170 words—a large part of the Gospel of St. Matthew—on one side of a postal card. As a dissemination of that portion of St. Matthew, it will probably be regarded as a failure, the penmanship being too absurdly small for popular perusal.

THE too common practice of moaning over our mistakes, and bewailing them constantly, and referring to them all the evils that afflict us, is most injurious to our future, and a great hindrance to real improvement of character. One of the chief causes of mistakes in action is allowing impulse rather than reason to control. Consequently mistakes will be best avoided by carefully submitting sudden impulses to the searching ordeal of reason before acting upon them. Then if one is governed by principles, and steadfastly adheres to the right, he is in possession of the best safeguards against mistakes.

A learned professor intimates that all who die under one hundred years of age are guilty of suicide! The process of reasoning by which he arrives at this conclusion is something as follows: Duration of life is measured by the time of growth; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years; the horse is five years in growing, and lives twenty-five years; man, being twenty years in growing, should live five times twenty years. So Providence having intended man to live a century, he would arrive at that age if he did not kill himself by unwholesome modes of living, violent passions, and exposure to accidents. Surely, according to this theory, the human race might well adopt new and more healthful modes of eating, sleeping, working, and recreating, in the hope of becoming centenarians.

PAPER-HANGINGS for walls are known to everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tinfoil, in sheets about sixteen feet long, and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitation of wood or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tinfoil is in itself naturally tough; and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market increase the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheet applied thereto. Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted; without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates.

A FARMER'S BAROMETER.—The common camphor bottle makes a very cloudy index of atmospheric weight and weather changes, on which the following is a beautiful improvement:—Dissolve 2½ drams of camphor in 11 fluid drams of alcohol. Put 38 grains nitrate of potash (salt-petre), and 33 grains of muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac) into 9 fluid drams of water; when all are perfectly dissolved, mix the two solutions. Shake them well in a two-ounce or four-ounce white glass vial, cork very loosely, or better, tie over the orifice a piece of linen or cotton cloth, and place the instrument in a good light out of the sunshine, where it can be observed without handling. When the weather is fine and clear, the fluid is also; but on the least change, the chemicals, which lie as a sediment, rise in beautiful frond-like crystals proportionately, and again duly subside. By watching these changes one soon becomes able to predict the changes of weather probable, for a few hours to come in any locality, but not for all alike. This instrument may be recommended also as a pretty philosophical toy with a problem annexed.

CHEAP SUGAR.—In the French world of industry and science another great sensation has been produced by an alleged discovery, the importance of which, if it turns out to be true, it is at present impossible to calculate, nor the effect it may have on the sugar trade of the future. It is asserted that the French engineer, Mr. Joule, has succeeded in making artificially beet-root sugar, which however, is not real beet-sugar, but a composition or chemical sugar, if we may be allowed to use such a term. Already has the eminent Mr. Berthelot succeeded in making alcohol by a synthetic process; but the new discovery is of much more practical value, as it affects a commodity of such general use. Provided the accounts published in the French papers are not exaggerated (although such exaggeration is very likely), this new discovery may possibly bring about a change in the manufacture of sugar, for it is announced that by the new process sugar can be made not costing more than 5 francs per 100 kilogrammes, or one farthing per pound; and that in order to make it, it is only necessary to bring together certain common articles, which, after being liberated from the coarser elements with which they are combined, are known to have a chemical affinity to each other, and produce a sugar said to be equal to that made from cane-juice or beet-root. Henceforward, then, the manufacture of sugar would be placed in the hands of the maker of chemicals. It is added that the discoverer, M. Joule, has already sold his invention to a company for the sum of 1,200,000 francs, who intend to work the patent on a grand scale.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE Seneca Falls ladies are singing :

"The moth-eaten bustle,
The old iron bustle,
The cloth-covered bustle that hung on so well."

AN old colored minister, in a sermon on hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze throughout eternity. When privately asked his purpose in representing Gehenna in this way, he said: "I don't dare to tell dem people nuffin else. Why, if I were to say that hell was warm, some o' dem old rheumatic niggas, would be wantin' to start dar de berry fust frost!"

A TRUE BILL.—A few days since, a well-dressed couple, in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and sending for a Justice of the Peace, informed that functionary that they wished to be married. The Justice said, "All right," and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him that he had performed the same service for the lady some years before. Upon inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said she had been married previously. "Have you a bill from your former husband?" asked Mr. Justice.

"Yes," she replied, "I have a bill."

This being satisfactory, the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared "man and wife." As they were about departing, the Justice who had never seen a "bill of divorce," and having a strong desire to behold the document, thought this an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He therefore said to the lady,

"Have you the bill with you?"

"Oh yes," she replied.

"Have you any objections to allowing me to see the bill?" said our friend.

"None whatever," she replied; stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said,

"Here, Bill, come here quick, here is a gentleman that wishes to see you." The gentleman wilted.

THE IDEAL LOVERS.—The following is a good story. The hero is Augustus, who is employed in a Broadway establishment which deals in wearing apparel for men. The clerk having saved from his earnings, went to a Saratoga, Newport or Long Branch hotel, no matter which, to spend his money and his holiday. He was well dressed, and on the piazza he one day formed the acquaintance of Marie, a young lady beauty, and arrayed in the height of the mode. The impression was made upon the mind of Augustus that Marie was wealthy and high-born. He fell in love with her, carefully concealed from her his occupation. He mysteriously talked of stocks and made her believe that he was a man of large capital. After the holiday Augustus returned to town and resumed his position behind the counter.

It was a week or two after his return, and Augustus' soul was not yet in his vocation. Already the heavier woolens were coming in for the fall trade, and Augustus smiled, albeit sardonically, at the change which overtakes all fashions and things, as he stood at his familiar counter. But an extra and peremptory order for custom-made shirts obliged him to visit one of the many seamstresses employed by the emporium. As Augustus turned down the narrow street of a remote, unfashionable locality, and rung the bell of a modest tenement house, his mind reverted to the past, and he glanced nervously up and down the street, lest Marie from a passing carriage should detect him with the ominous parcel under his arm. He was relieved when the opposing door enabled him to enter. But as he did so the bundle slipped from his nerveless fingers. For there, seated at a sewing-machine, with her pretty fingers on the plate and her slim foot on the treadle, sat Mary Jones—Marie of his dreams.

RUFF AND ROUGH KISSING.—A few evenings since a Detroit chap was courting a girl, who wore an Elizabethan ruff. Expecting his coming, she had dressed for the occasion, and her ruff, stiff as an unrestricted use of satin-starch gloss could make it, was of the most stunning character. The lover came at the orthodox time, and was ushered into the parlor, where the enchanting maiden and her father and mother were seated. He was cordially received, and the evening passed pleasantly, although the old folks sat up a good deal longer than the youngsters thought necessary. Finally, however, they went to bed, and the twain were left alone. After a certain amount of preliminary bashfulness, the maiden assented to her lover's request for a kiss. He assayed to take it, but was met at every point by a bristling wall of tartan and lace. He came up to her in front and was gouged in each eye. He sidled up to her, and the right-hand prong cut one of his ears half off. He attempted to reach the prize over her right shoulder, and a *chevaux de frise* of lace tickled his nose until he was obliged to take his seat and sneeze. Then the maiden came to the rescue, and held down one side of the provoking ruff, and again the lover advanced. Just as he had all but reached her blooming cheek, the damsel lost her grip, and the razor-like decoration flew up with a force that took an "under bit" out of his right ear. Then he got mad. Then she got mad. Then they both got mad, and an anticipated wedding has come to a premature end.

OUR PUZZLER.

197. SIX-LETTER SQUARE WORD.

- This plant grows far across the sea.
- A justifier this will be.
- Into these pages oft we dive.
- A number more than six and five.
- A kind of mineral this one shows.
- An English river here transpose.

198. ANAGRAMS—WORKS.

1. Hi. boast not h, end care; 2. Go Jem, grip th' fun; 3. No one watches it, th' n? 4. Weak thinkers, ms acts; 5. Cure, sad man, it is a rum work; 6. Help stop war, I beg; 7. Rent ass, be happy; 8. Ah, our best work is mad; 9. No crime, I mask usual charms; 10. Rise blameless; 11. Hem, no fame for the court; 12. End not, such brave fun amuseth a hero.

199. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

Prober and 5; a green R and 5; a bark and 1001 O; one use and 1501; hair, air, and 105; ere and 557; one pea and 751 Y; your past and 100 N. The initials name an Athenian general; the finals a Spartan general—both were engaged in the Peloponnesian war.

200. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

An article; a mathematical figure; a bishop's ornament; shy; to eat; commemoration; the office of a church dignitary; a novelist; gradual solution; denunciation; a woman's name; a way trodden by foot; part of the United Kingdom; a vegetable; the end of controversy. The centrals and middles both name a British novelist.

201. LETTER PUZZLE.

The following words form three capital letters—the name of a fish. The initials of each letter also name a marine animal:—1. A fish; weekly; a continent; a favorite; a fruit; stiff; portions; frequently; an English river; ashes; wickedness; a claw; to speak; swift; a weapon; an English city; the east; agil. 3. A metal; a bird; a fish; a tool; a number; an animal; a color; obese; a Russian province; one of the seasons; an insect.

202. REPTILES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Young and a consonant. 2. A noise and a reptile. 3. To prolong and a preposition. 4. Sightless and a reptile. 5. A tailed monster. 6. An article and two fifths of Spain.

203. CHARADE.

Up from his couch Sir Roland rose
When all was buried in repose;
He left his tent my last to keep,
For he, in vain, had tried to sleep.
And, by the pale moonlight, he sought
The field whereon that day he'd fought.
And long he gazed, by the moonlight dim,
Upon my first, so cold and grim,
Stretched out before him all around,
Amid the wounded on the ground.
When Sir Roland courted sleep again,
Strange visions floated o'er his brain;
As he lay awake upon his bed,
He heard my whole beneath his head.

204. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Oh, weep not! Death is but a first, as 't were,
From all the sorrows that in life we share.
A Lethe, a forgetfulness from pain,
And happy he who first approves its care,
2. Still, in thy charity of man to man.
Son of the earth, the prophet said, beware!
Life is not second, to be supped as wine;
Look u., assured, thou'l find thy promise
there.
3. For, though mundane, that thou art even as
he
So beautiful who wrote, and yet unchaste,
What's that to thee? Art thou thy brother's
guide?
Or he thy keeper, to be falsely placed?
4. The light that hath gone forth is still a light,
The unshortened hand his yet across the
plain,
Do this how wantonly soe'er you may.
Its fadeless, holy beauty to restrain.
5. Almighty wisdom, it is so! The right
Of men's mere folly nothing shall gainsay,
Nor word, nor thoughts, nor sense, nor verse
unfold
Like genius' mighty and unfading ray,
Admitted to the realms of this, some day.

The initials and finals, read downwards, name a poem by a celebrated author.

105. ENIGMATICAL REBUS.

Fluid, and a game; smooth, and a spirit (transposed); part of the body, and termination; a title and a vessel; unwell, and that which is owed (transposed); expressing negation, and frozen water; a color, and a dog; a thick resinous substance, and a sailor; a plant, and a consonant; an instrument to write with (reversed), and to chop.

If you the proper initials find,
A famous hero they'll bring to mind.

206. METAGRAMS.

1. Change my first, and I am grand; my second, I diminish; my third, I am learned; my last, and I am boisterous.

2. Change my first, and you see me now; my second, I am a sot; my third, I am a subjugator; my fourth, I am a wild animal; my last, and I am strips of linen.

3. Change my head each time, and I become a girdle, a kind of cloth, to thaw, to throw, and part of a boot.

4. Change my head each time, and I become a girdle, finished, departed, a whetstone, solitary, parts of animals, and the quality of a sound.

ANSWERS.

144.—LOGOGRAPH.—Skate, Keats, steak, stake, take, teak, kate, task, ask, as.

145.—SQUARE WORDS.—

ROAST	MOUTH
ORDER	OGARIO
ADIEU	ULCER
SEEDS	TIER
TRUST	HORSE

146.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

V	
SIR	
FACTS	
VICTORY	
STONE	
ORB	
Y	

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Dec. 13th, 1873.

** All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE Canada."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. SHMIKMAN.—Many thanks for problems.

W. H. HOTCHKIN.—Glad to welcome your column in the Watertown (N. Y.) Despatch. The initial number bears promise of much future good.

O. A. BROWNSON.—The Dubuque Journal, your excellent Chess Magazine, has arrived for November.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 25.

White. Black.
1. Q. to K. Kt. 6th 1. Any.
2. Mate.

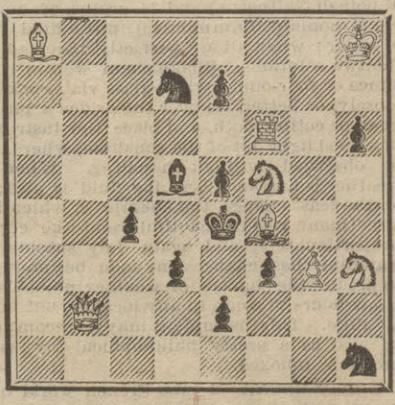
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 26.

White. Black.
1. Kt. to Kt. 8th 1. P. takes B.
2. Kt. to Kt. 6th 2. P. to R. 4th
3. B. to R. 8th 3. Any.
4. Mate acc.

PROBLEM No. 27.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

BLACK.

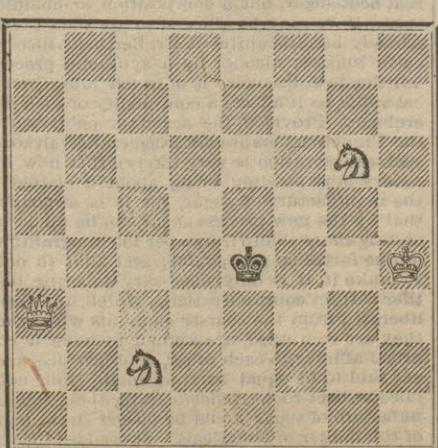


WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 28.

BY JAMES PIERCE, M. A.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

GAME NO. 21.

A skirmish which took place a few days ago at the café International, New York, between MM. McConnell, of New Orleans, and Capt. MacKenzie, of New York.

Ruy Lopez Attack.

White. Black.
MR. McCONNELL. MR. MACKENZIE.
1. P. to K. 4th 1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd
3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 3. B. to Q. B. 4th

Black endeavors to develop his game in an open manner, which in some cases is highly commendable, but in this position not generally held to be best.

4. Castles.

Many good players at this stage advance the Q. B. one square, castling afterwards and then attacking Black's centre with the Q. P. Others favor 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd, while others again take off the Q. Kt.

4. P. to Q. 3rd

5. P. to Q. B. 3rd

He might now take off the Kt. when Black's Pawns become disadvantageously doubled.

5. P. to Q. R. 3rd

6. B. to Q. R. 4th 6. P. to Q. Kt. 4th

Developing his game nicely and wresting the attack from the first player.

7. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 7. B. to K. Kt. 5th

8. B. to Q. 5th 8. Q. to Q. 2nd

Black cannot safely play K. Kt. to K. 2nd, on account of the reply B. takes P. ch.

9. P. to Q. 4th 9. P. takes P.

10. P. takes P. 10. Kt. takes Q. P.

This sacrifice is not sound, though it demands very careful maneuvering from the first player. The B. should be retreated.

11. B. takes R. 11. B. takes Kt.

12. P. takes B. 12. Q. to K. R. 6th

13. P. to K. 5th 13. Kt. to K. 2nd

If P. to Q. B. 3rd now White gets rid of the attack by taking it off, checking.

14. B. to K. 3rd 14. Q. Kt. to K. B. 4th

15. B. to K. 4th

Had he played B. takes B., Black would have brought his Kt. over to R. 5th and then cut off the K. B. by P. to Q. B. 3rd.

15. Kt. to R. 5th

16. P. to K. B. 4th 16. B. takes B.

17. Q. to K. 2nd

Here, Mr. MacKenzie remarks, "White slips off; he ought to have taken the B., afterwards interposing the R. when Q. took K. B. ch."

17. B. takes B. first P.

18. P. to K. B. 3rd 18. P. to Q. 4th

19. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

Evidently the result of a miscalculation.

19. P. takes B.

20. Kt. takes K. P. 20. K. Kt. to K. B. 4th

21. Q. R. to Q. 1st 21. Castles.

22. R. to K. B. 2nd 22. B. to K. 6th wins.

GAME NO. 22.

Ruy Lopez Attack.

Black. White.

HERR NEUMANN. PROF. ANDERSEN.

1. P. to K. 4th 1. P. to K. 4th

2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 3. P. to Q. 3rd

This has been termed the Lopez-Philidor defence, not often played and not recommended.

4. B. takes Kt. (ch).

As the Kt. is now pinned before the K., many good players prefer to advance the Q. P. to Q. 4th before taking off the Kt. Prof. Andersen and other celebrated chess authors, however, favor this way of proceeding.

4. Kt. P. takes B.

5. P. to Q. 4th 5. P. takes P.

6. Kt. takes P. 6. P. to Q. B. 4th

7. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 7. P. to K. Kt. 3rd

8. Castles. 8. B. to K. Kt. 2nd

This grafting what is known as a "Fianchetto" upon the defence to the Ruy Lopez is one of the many happy inventions in defence, credited to Herr Paulsen.

9. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 9. Kt. to K. 3rd

10. P. to K. 5th 10. Castles.

11. B. to K. Kt. 5th 11. P. to K. B. 3rd

12. P. takes B. P. 12. B. takes P.

13. P. takes B. 13. R. takes B.

14. R. to K. 1st 14. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd

15. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th 15. Q. to Q. 2nd

16. Q. to K. 4th 16. R. to B. 4th

17. Q. to Q. 3rd 17. Q. R. to K. B. 1st

18. Q. R. to Q. 1st 18. Kt. to Q. 4th

19. Q. to K. R. 3rd 19. Kt. to Q. 3rd

A move to no purpose.